THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

ONE of The Survey's favorite nephews, just graduated from college, picked up a classmate, cranked his flivver and started for the great open spaces. Telegrams which came back every few days led to the belief that the boy had gone clean daft. But presently came letters and the growing understanding that this young fellow who, in his twenty years, had never been outside New England, was getting a great thrill out of discovering the U.S.A. Never before had he realized there was such a place. There must be many like him among the young men beating their way West and South; fellows having the time of their lives. But presently the excitement wears off. It's monotonous to be hauled off freight trains by the police, sleep in flophouses, eat beans and coffee day after day, have no change of clothes. The article on page 389 by A. WAYNE MCMILLEN gives the high spots of a study he made of wandering minors for the U.S. Children's Bureau, while on leave of absence from his post as associate professor of social economy at the University of Chicago.

BY the time she had become a grandmother (though an almost ridiculously young one) HELEN CODY BAKER found herself backed up into a corner and told to defend the faith that had served her through good times and bad. It was real enough, and adequate. But never before had she been asked to state it in terms convincing to friends who were sceptical or curious or eager. So, a grown-up and a modern, she proceeded to set it down in the form of a catechism (page 394). We predict a wide reading for it. Formerly a journalist, Mrs. Baker is now a member of the staff of the Chicago Council of Social Agencies.

THE distinguished daughter of a distinguished father, DR. ANNA FREUD started her professional career as a teacher. For the past several years however she has devoted all of her energies to psychoanalytic work for children, developing from the approach of Sigmund Freud a specialized technique based on her own experience and on the developments in childhood which necessitate forms of treatment different from those used with adults. Dr. Freud has long been associated with the work of her father as one of his main assistants. She gives courses in child analysis at the Psychoanalytic Institute in Vienna and treats children by means of this therapy at an outpatient clinic. We believe that Dr. Freud's article (page 398) is the first general account to be published in this country addressed directly to the persons whom she believes important to its development—teachers, social workers and others charged with the upbringing of both "normal" and "problem" children as well as specialists in the psychiatric field. Publication of the article by Survey Graphic has been made possible through a fund established in memory of Halle Schaffner, a former member of our editorial staff who counted among her deepest interests the newer psychological approaches—and especially that of psychoanalysis to the well-being of children. The admirable translation from Dr. Freud's German was made by Dr. Ruth Mack-Brunswick. A scientific account of Dr. Freud's work is available in English in two of her books: Introduction to the Technique of Child Analysis (Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company) and Introduction to Psychoanalysis by Teachers, translated by Barbara Low (George Allen and Unwin, London).

DRUZILLA R. MACKEY who writes so charmingly (page 400) of our Mexican citizens is a Director of Immigrant Education in Fullerton, California.

SKIPPER not of a frigate but of the Union Church of Bay Ridge in Brooklyn, the Rev. JOHN PAUL JONES writes (page 402) of the desperate plight of the formerly well-to-do business and professional folk who have seen their life-work collapse under the depression. In some ways they suffer more than unemployed laborers. Many of them will never "come back" in their old lines of work. Some have devised ingenious substitutes for the old callings. The case stories on which Mr. Jones bases his discussion are drawn from his own experience and that of his professional associates.

THE October issue of Survey Graphic will be a special number on planning—that enlarged, modern version of city planning which is sometimes called regional planning but is in reality something much more than that. The special editor in charge, Carol Aronovici, has enlisted a notable group of contributors including Benton MacKaye, Ellsworth Huntington, O. E. Baker, Otis P. Starkey, Lyman Bryson, Robert A. Lesher, Robert S. Lynd, Henry Wright, Charles S. Ascher.

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RECRUITS IN THE OLD HOBO "JUNGLE"

Upstanding young fellows who are on the loose because no jobs are to be had. The colored boy is getting water for a pot of coffee. The white boy is washing his spare shirt, the only extra clothing he had

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An Army of Boys on the Loose

Young Fellows Bum Their Way West—to What?

By A. WAYNE McMILLEN

"WHERE do we go from here?" "When do we eat?" In 1918 these were the passwords of an army that knew where it was going and why. Today another youthful army uses these same passwords but has no idea where it is going or what it will do when it gets there.

No careful service records reveal the numerical strength of the present host. Accurate figures can be obtained only here and there along the line of march. But the evidence is unmistakable that the army of boys drifting about the country constitutes a mighty throng.

Captain Mayme Baird of the Volunteers of America in Phoenix, Arizona, has kept accurate statistics. Last winter, between December 13 and April 4, she lodged and fed 10,000 transients. Of this number, 1529 were boys under twenty-one years of age. Undoubtedly the numbers would be even larger if the city were on the main line, but through freights do not touch Phoenix.

In El Paso, a railroad center, the city and county governments subsidize jointly a shelter for transients with Capt. H. L. Watson of the Salvation Army as superintendent. Every applicant is registered. In the six months ending March 31, 1932, the number of registrations was 45,150. The ages of these men were not recorded, but Captain Watson estimates that a fourth were boys under twenty-one. A sample tabulation in April indicated that this estimate was not far wrong. Probably 11,000 boys were lodged and fed at the El Paso shelter during the fall and winter months.

The municipal government in Los Angeles operates a central registry for transient men. If every local agency cooperated with this bureau, the numbers of needy non-resident men and boys would be known within reasonable limits of accuracy. Unfortunately, several shelters with a combined capacity of 500 beds, accept applications direct without referring them to the Central Registry. But even the partial figures are impressive. In 1931 total applications exceeded 39,000. Of this number the largest proportion fell in the age group twenty to twenty-nine. The number of minors in this group is unknown but the lowest age group—namely, those under twenty—contained 3287 names.

A few figures from other localities may serve to emphasize the increased burden imposed upon shelters and soup kitchens by the mounting throngs of wandering youths. In Yuma, Arizona, 30,000 transients were fed at the soup kitchen between November 1 and March 15. The superintendent estimates that 20 per cent of this number were boys. During the five months ending February 29, 1932, the Salvation Army shelter in Oklahoma City served 13,047 transients; 2358, or 18 per cent, were minors. Warrington House in New Orleans reported 400 transient boys served during the month of February. Between September 1, 1931 and March 22, 1932, the Salvation Army in Memphis served 10,870 individuals of whom 2885, or 27 per cent, were boys under twenty-one. Between April 15, 1932 and May 12, 1932, 919 transients were allowed to sleep in the jail at Ogden, Utah. Of this number 164, or 18 per cent, were boys under twenty-one.

The actual number of boys on the road is larger than these statistics from the shelters indicate. Boys who have a quarter or a half-dollar usually avoid the shelters. Some succeed in catching a ride out of town soon after their arrival and never register with a local agency. Some beg on street corners and at backdoors or sleep in the "jungles," as the camps near the railroad yards are called. A few are bona fide "sightseers" who have sent money on ahead by postal order. They are beating their way for the sake of the adventure.

The special police employed by the railroads have very little recorded evidence with respect to the transient army but their testimony, based on daily first-hand observation, bears out the opinion of the superintendents of the shelters. The special agent for the Southern Pacific in El Paso estimates the number of transients beating their way through that city on freight trains at 200 per

THIS army of the depression has no muster-roll but clearly it runs into the tens of thousands—eleven thousand transient boys in a single city of Texas. Who are these boys? Why are they on the road? Where do they sleep and what do they eat? And what can be done to anchor them?

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Making coffee in the "jungle" under the Free Bridge at East St. Louis, Illinois. Note the ages and types of these fellows and of the two on the page opposite, snapped on the top of a freight car. "The old 'jungle'—and not a hobo in it"

day. He thinks as many as half are under twenty-one years of age. J. E. Sinclair has charge of a force of six special agents for the Santa Fe railroad in Albuquerque. He thinks 75 men a day pass through his station on freights and that half are minors.

D. O'Connell is chief special agent for the Southern Pacific system, which has 9130 miles of track in the western states. In the eight months ending April 30, 1932 his force of 175 special agents reported 416,915 men and boys removed from freight trains and ejected from freight yards in this territory. Mr. O'Connell thinks a third of this number were minors. His reports show that in a period of nine months last year 55 transients were killed and 108 were injured by Southern Pacific trains. The proportion of minors in this group is not known. Some remain unidentified to the present day.

The railroads have not changed their policy with respect to transients. In theory the officers eject all trespassers who are beating their way. Actually the officers are helpless. Monster locomotives now haul trains nearly a mile long. Careful surveillance is impossible. Trainmen cannot eject a trespasser once the train is in motion, owing to the risk of injury and resultant liability. Moreover a train crew of half a dozen men cannot in any case remove 150 or 200 men and boys. As one officer said, it would require an army to enforce the regulations and keep the freights free of trespassers.

Special agents in small towns between division points are in a quandary. The railroad company expects them to arrest all persons riding freights to avoid payment of railroad fare. If they drive 50 to 100 transients from a freight in a small town such as Nilands, California, or Lordsburg, New Mexico, the town marshal and the local business men rise up in wrath. It may be 50 miles across the desert to the next town and the ejected transients must eat before they set forth. The small town cannot shoulder the burden—at least not every day, for weeks on end. The town council in Deming, New Mexico, employed a special policeman last winter to meet the freight trains and prevent transients from alighting. Those who eluded him were followed and escorted back to the railroad. Meantime the special agent for the Southern Pacific was struggling to follow orders. As fast as he evicted trespassers the local policeman ordered them back on the train.

RAILROAD officers are practically unanimous in attesting the honesty of the present migrant throng. Thefts have increased little if any on most of the lines. Where depredations are more numerous than formerly the blame is usually laid to local talent.

Likewise in most communities the police believe the transients have not caused an increase in crime. J. E. Dyer, chief of police of Tucson, declares that very few are criminal types. "Nine-tenths of these chaps are merely hunting work," he said. "Because they are an orderly crowd, I've told our officers not to be hard on them. If they are hungry, we often feed them at the prisoners' mess or even take up a collection among ourselves to help out with a pair of shoes."

For the most part it is the policy of local police not to arrest transients. Where the numbers are large the expense of feeding would be too great. In many places there is a rule that transients must leave town within twenty-four hours. The police visit the shelters and soup kitchens each morning to escort to the city limits any who show a disposition to linger. Almost everywhere the policy is "feed, lodge and move them on." It

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is not surprising that shabby knots of boys are encountered in the jungles who have been back and forth across the continent several times. No town will permit them to tarry. They have no choice but to wander on.

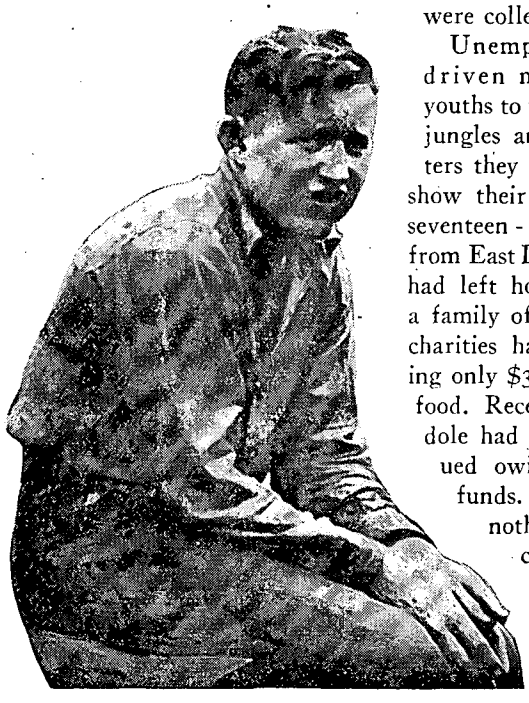
Some of the wandering throng spurn the freight trains. They prefer to trudge the highways. In California the State Department of Agriculture maintains quarantine stations at the state boundary to prevent importation of plants and vegetables that might contain noxious pests. Actual counts of hitchhikers were made last spring by the men in charge at the three points where the most important highways enter the state. During one week in May the number of minor boys hitchhiking past the Hornbrook station was 22; past the Yermo station 108 and past the Daggett station 193.

ONLY eastbound traffic is inspected at the federal plant quarantine station on the Bankhead Highway near Las Cruces, New Mexico. In the four weeks ending May 4, 1932, 803 minor boys passed this station going east.

These wandering boys hail from every section of the United States. The Volunteers of America in Phoenix checked the place of residence of 1500 boys who slept in their lodge during the span of three and a half months last winter. Every state in the union was represented except Delaware and Vermont.

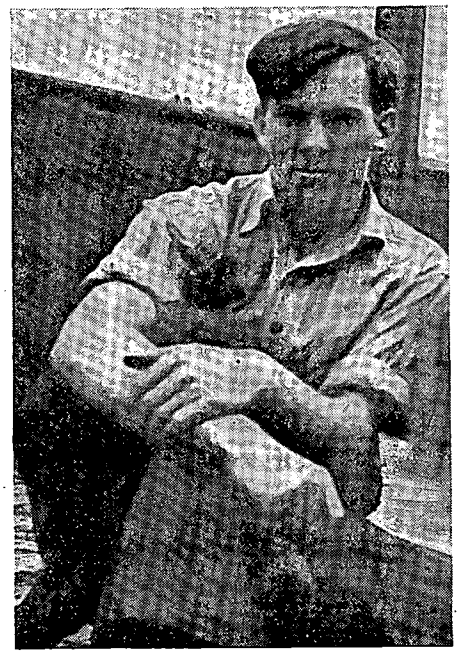
The Community Boys' Lodge in Los Angeles tabulated the place of residence of the 623 boys who applied for shelter in the five months ending March 31, 1932. Forty-five states and the District of Columbia had contributed to this group. The following states were represented by more than 25 boys apiece: New York (76), Illinois (48), California (46), Pennsylvania (38), Texas (38), Oklahoma (35), Michigan (34), Ohio (28), Missouri (26).

Large numbers of these transient boys are from substantial American families. The facts, wherever they have been compiled, reveal a considerable proportion with highschool educations. In Atlanta 5438 transients were registered between November 1, 1931 and February 29, 1932. Of this number 1641 had attended highschool and 194 had been in college. In Washington, D. C., 7512 transients served by the Salvation Army in the first quarter of 1932, 1866 had an eighth-grade education, 2060 had been in highschool and 258 were college-trained.



Unemployment has driven most of these youths to the road. In the jungles and at the shelters they talk freely and show their credentials. A seventeen-year-old boy from East Liverpool, Ohio, had left home because to a family of nine the local charities had been allowing only $3.20 a week for food. Recently even this dole had been discontinued owing to lack of funds. There seemed nothing to do except to take to the road.

In the jungles at Reno, a boy from Boden, Illinois, had teamed up with two lads from Portland, Oregon. His sweater bore the numerals of his highschool class. He had graduated in 1930 and had worked for a year with a paving gang. Now, at nineteen, he had been out of a job for 9 months. He hoped to get work thinning beets in Idaho.



The migration this past winter and spring was concentrated in specific areas. The numbers were largest in Florida, the Gulf States, the Southwest and California. These regions were fully conscious of the problem. Margaret Reeves, director of the State Board of Child Welfare, made a survey of the situation in New Mexico last fall. She found scarcely a community in the state that had not set up some form of organization, however primitive, to deal with transients. Belen, Vaughn, Clovis, Lordsburg, Tucumcari—towns ranging in size from a few hundred to a few thousand—all had relief committees or soup kitchens or perhaps only a heated jail in which shelter was offered. Communities along main lines of travel in Texas and Arizona had made similar provision. California established camps—two under the State Highway Department and 28 under the Division of Forestry—for the specific purpose of providing indigent transients with food and shelter in return for labor. One camp was used exclusively for boys under eighteen and there were some minors in most of the others.

UNLIKE the communities to which these boys wander, the localities from which they come—that is, the cities of the North, East and Middlewest—have in many instances remained strikingly unaware of the problem. In these cities the boys seem to have avoided the social agencies and the agencies, burdened with a task of unprecedented magnitude, have not sought the boys.

In one midwestern city the executives of all of the social agencies assured an investigator that transient minors were not a problem in their community. Subsequently the investigator hiked along the railroad tracks leading out of the city. He found 25 distinct camps or jungles containing from 4 to 40 transients each. He talked briefly with 200 of them and asked their ages. About an eighth were minors. He then called on the special agents of the various railroads. Among a dozen officers consulted, not one placed the number of transients at less than 1500 a day. All of them believed the number of minors was at least 150 a day. The investigation revealed clearly that hundreds of boys were passing through this city every week, that they were begging at backdoors and on the street and camping in the jungles, and that the social agencies came into contact with only a negligible proportion.

What happens to these boys who have taken to the road? In the first place they endure great physical hardship. Rides are

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no longer plentiful. In the past year or two many motorists have been robbed or sued for damages by hitch-hikers they have picked up. News of such occurrences has spread and people are afraid to offer rides. Today hitch-hikers must really hike. Stacks of worn-out shoes at the transient shelters and the many footsore boys on the highway provide eloquent testimony of this fact.

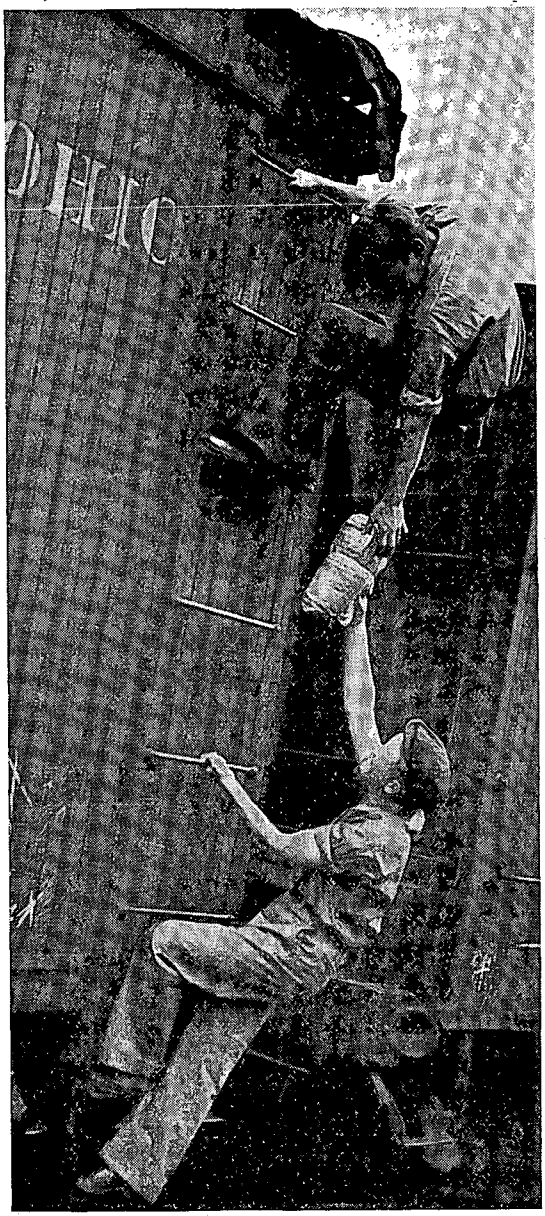
Boys on the road are also subjected to dangerous physical exposure. During this past winter 35 young men and boys were removed from box cars in Phoenix, Arizona, seriously ill. Some were in an advanced stage of pneumonia. Unless a transient is critically ill, hospitalization is not provided. They are known to be penniless and hospitals in every community are already taxed to the limit to provide care for local unemployed persons who fall ill. One morning last winter railroad police in Ogden, Utah, found a transient in a box car frozen to death. He has never been identified.

It is no longer possible for wanderers to pick up odd jobs along their line of march. Every town or city has its own unemployed. Any job that turns up, even temporary, short-time work, is reserved for a local person. There is a boycott practically everywhere against non-residents. Hence wandering boys must either depend upon breadlines and soup-kitchens or beg openly on the street.

The moral hazards of the road are incalculable. Although railroad police report very little stealing, there are nevertheless some criminals beating their way on trains. The younger boys are thrown with these men in the shelters, in box cars and in the jungles.

In the larger cities transient boys are in danger of becoming the prey of degenerates. The Los Angeles police maintain a Degeneracy Squad to curb perverted practices and to protect young boys from solicitation. In a clean-up campaign last winter 50 arrests were made.

The least tangible but perhaps the most devastating hazard that roving boys encounter is the infectious attitude of the seasoned hobo. The philosophy of "no work" is attractive to youngsters most of whom are not equipped by education and experience to accept any but the most unskilled, ill-paid jobs. "Getting by" becomes a game. The danger is that it may become a habit.



Hopping a moving freight train with their "baggage." Boys become adept at bumming a ride

As increasing numbers of people become aware of the size and seriousness of the problem of the wandering boy, they ask what can be done about it. Inevitably there are some who suggest repressive measures. No suggestion could be less practical. Through a half dozen centuries statute after statute was enacted in England to restrain indigent persons from wandering. All failed of their purposes. No additional experience is needed to demonstrate the folly of heaping up penalties in a vain effort to keep the poor at home.

Two methods of attacking the problem will occur—prevention on the one hand and treatment on the other. The preventive measures would seek to induce boys to remain at home. An effective and continuing campaign of publicity is needed. Parents, teachers and social workers should be made fully aware of the physical hardships and moral hazards of the road. Their influence on boys who show signs of a desire to take to the road will help stem the tide.

Communities can do many things that will tend to abate the urge to wander. There should be an effort to make local conditions tolerable so that the boy will not be driven from home. Boys from unemployed families are certain to leave if the community provides little or nothing by way of relief. The boy's desire to decrease by one the number of hungry mouths in the family will be urgent if he sees his younger brothers and sisters without enough to eat. Moreover, a proud boy will want to leave home if his parents are under a cloud because they receive relief. Every effort should be made to mould public opinion so that no stigma will attach to men and women involuntarily unemployed who are forced to accept temporary assistance.

Any attack from the preventive side must include plans to bolster the morale of boys who are idle. Existing facilities should be used to the utmost. Schools, wherever possible, might well diversify and enlarge their curricula. Trade courses could be given special stress for the boys believe that in trade schools they can gain skill that may help them later to find jobs. Gymnasiums could be opened to wider groups and to more varied uses. Special projects could be developed and could be entrusted to the guidance of imaginative and aggressive persons selected from among the unemployed themselves.

In July Congress voted federal aid for the unemployed. This aid is chiefly in the form of loans to the states and therefore leaves the plight of the transients untouched. States will not borrow money to assist thousands of non-residents who have a legal claim to relief in another state. The plan of charging back upon their own communities the cost of caring for non-residents involves accounting problems of insuperable complexity where the numbers concerned are so staggering. Unless further action is taken, transients will continue to be passed on from one community to the next and demoralization—particularly of the young—will gain momentum.

The problem of the wandering unemployed is national in

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scope and demands national action. All the facts point to the need for a federal transient service fund. Grants from this fund would be made to local communities which could show that their transient burden exceeded the load any community might reasonably be expected to bear. The state agency charged with responsibility for unemployment relief would be the channel through which grants to local communities would be made. In seeking a grant, each community would be required to submit a plan indicating the way in which it proposed to deal with the problem.

This procedure would stimulate local initiative. It would also enable the central administration to suggest minimum standards of decency and comfort. With respect to shelter and food there is at present wide variation in standards. Limitations of resources and the necessity of spending as little as possible on non-residents have tended to reduce the menus of soup-kitchens to a dead level of monotony. There are boys on the road who have had nothing to eat for weeks except beans and bread with perhaps soup or a vegetable stew once in a while.

Facilities for sleeping are primitive in many places. Very often there are no beds and no blankets. Boys who encounter such shelters night after night are sometimes unable to remove their clothing for weeks at a time. In many localities the empty cells in the jail are the only accommodation provided. Sometimes the transients are locked for the night in buildings that are not fireproof. Some such places have no toilet facilities except lidless pails. Federal grants could be used to encourage elimination of some of these more destructive aspects of the present program.

The hitch-hiker's jerking thumb is the most constant signal on all the through highways

In connection with a discussion of the statistics on homeless transients gathered monthly by the U. S. Children's Bureau, Grace Abbott, chief of the Bureau, was asked whether in her opinion a federal transient service fund would make present matters worse. She expressed a belief that a plan for direct federal care for transients, through federal camps or federal relief stations, for example, would probably tend to increase the numbers. On the other hand she thought that federal assistance in local plans which the federal administering agency found were calculated to reduce the number of boys taking to the road, or assistance in providing a method of constructive care for transients, would doubtless be of immediate and permanent value.

"If a central fund is created, emphasis should be placed throughout on measures that would tend to halt the movement," said Miss Abbott. "No uniform plan could be prescribed. By assisting communities in plans based on local problems and local resources, local initiative would be developed."

In the opinion of Miss Abbott the plan submitted by any community should undoubtedly include provision for: shelter and food, registration and interviewing, a training program. She pointed out that some of the transients—particularly the boys—either have parents, relatives or friends able to assist them, or are legal residents of communities in which they would have a statutory right to relief from the local authorities. The purpose of the interviewing service would be to discover such cases and return them to their homes. Miss Abbott thought perhaps no more than 15 per cent of the young transients could be profitably returned to their home communities in this way. With respect to the remainder an effort should be made to stop them where they are.

"A valid argument can be made," Miss Abbott said, "for federal aid for a good plan for local work or for a local training program to absorb the young transients who cannot be sent home, should not be 'passed on', and yet have no legal residence in the community where they are. Since each community would have to evolve a plan based on its own resources, a desirable variety of undertakings would result. Undoubtedly, the training plans ought to include strictly practical undertakings although new academic opportunities would it seems certain appeal to some of the boys."

California's action in setting up forestry camps last winter is one effort that has already been made along the general lines suggested by Miss Abbott. Construction of adobe living quarters near sites of land that could be utilized for subsistence farming has been mentioned as a practical project which could be carried on in certain sections of New Mexico, Arizona and in the western part of Texas.

The increased use of trade schools, the planting of trees and the beautifying of streets and of arterial highways might be considered. Whatever the project, industrial, agricultural, in the field of construction, the crafts, or education, leadership could very often be recruited from the ranks of the unemployed, many of whom are equipped with special skill and experience.

NO plan of action will stop immediately or completely the present migration of roving boys. But a considerable proportion could be halted and the present blind wandering with its attendant risk and hardship could be reduced. Will social workers be as blind as the drifting army itself? Or will they face the facts and insist upon aggressive action? An honored principle of military strategy asserts that in a crisis it is better to do the wrong thing than to do nothing. A crisis confronts us.

It is time to act.

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Confession of Faith

A Modern Woman's Catechism

By HELEN CODY BAKER

WHEN you have lived half your life in serene acceptance of certain principles, it is a strange experience to find yourself suddenly with your back to the wall, defending them. And it is a still stranger experience to be struck silent, in the heat of your defence, by the fear that after all there may be nothing behind your back but a desolate vacancy, and the shadows of your own illusions and desires. When this happens it is time for a flag of truce; time to lay down your arms, go away by yourself, and think things through.

Not that I found myself "suddenly" with my back to the wall. In fact, I can put my finger on the exact minute, fifteen years ago, when this confession of faith began to grow in those deeper levels of consciousness where ideas develop embryonically until they are ready to come forth, at the call of emergencies, as full grown thoughts. One of my best friends planted the germ of this essay. I remember every detail of our discussion with photographic distinctness. I remember the baskets of mending at our feet, the yellow pool of lamplight in which we sat, and the way the glow of a wood fire flickered into and around it; for it was a winter afternoon—one of the weekly sessions when we mended, read aloud to each other, and vigorously discussed almost every subject under the sun. Oddly enough, we had never touched on religion. My own was so much a part of me that I seldom spoke of it, and I had naïvely assumed the same of her. On this particular afternoon we happened to mention a woman whose gaiety and courage, under circumstances that would crush an average mortal, command the affection and respect of the whole community.

"I can't think," said Marguerite, "what keeps her going."

"Perhaps she has a religion," I suggested, in all good faith.

Marguerite picked up a stocking, slipped her hand into it, and looked attentively at the size of the hole in the heel.

"Oh no," she decided, after this brief reflection, "it can't be that. She's too intelligent."

Never before that day, I give you my word, had it occurred to me that there were people anywhere who felt religion to be either the exclusive prerogative or the apologetic prop of limited minds. But I now know that on that winter afternoon fifteen years ago I began to examine my own religion and to discard from it whatever did not satisfy my own intelligence. The need to crystallize my religious philosophy, and put it into words, reached a climax last winter. This is how it came about.

Ten women of our community, a suburb of a great city formed a reading and discussion circle last winter. We met at our various homes every two weeks. The ten were chosen from several of the small cliques that make up the social life of any little town, and were selected on the basis of common intellectual tastes rather than close friendships. Of their religious affiliations I knew nothing at all, for our family had for years attended church in a neighboring town.

We were of many minds. Each of us chose a book and reviewed it at one of the meetings. All of us read all the books, and we joined in the discussion that followed the review of the evening. Our subjects ranged through philosophy, psychology, the drama, poetry and modern fiction. As none of us had ever before belonged to such a reading club, we brought freshness and enthusiasm to these meetings. As the year progressed and we became better acquainted, our arguments acquired a frankness and intensity that is possible only among friends. The surprising element in these discussions was that while none of the books, except Kristin Lavransdatter and Bertram Russell's Marriage and Morals, dealt particularly with religion—and these only indirectly—religion claimed a steadily growing amount of attention at every meeting. No matter where we began, we ended with what we believed—or didn't believe—and why.

AS the winter wore on I found myself more and more on the defensive and curiously alone. One or two of my friends were outspokenly agnostic, several of them completely disillusioned, some rather wistful, others openly curious, two—I am sure—sympathetic but inarticulate, and one of them at least conventionally religious in theory if not in practice. Let me say right here that they are all fine women, conscientious members of the social order, good wives, devoted mothers, and possessed of keen intelligences. Among them are better Christians—in the sense that their daily lives express the essential principles of Christianity—than I can ever be. And yet, as I discovered to my surprise, not one of us except myself went regularly to church, though none of us thought anything of going forty miles several times a month to hear a good lecture or a stimulating play. Each of us gave at least half a day every week to auction or contract bridge, and most of us far more time than that. But the isolation I began to feel in their company went deeper than a difference in formal observances on Sunday. To even the few whom I have described as conventional or sympathetic, religion was nothing living or vital. They might not openly deny it, but they seldom thought about it at all. It had no definite part in their lives.

When you find yourself hopelessly in the minority among people you like and respect, it requires a certain smugness to assume that all of them are wrong and you are right. I am far from such an attitude. Indeed it was at this moment that I glanced over my shoulder to make sure that the wall was really there. I even touched it to make sure.

There was nothing, it was apparent, wrong with these friends of mine except that some of them were a little bitter, some of them a little wistful, and all of them—I couldn't help feeling—a little less happy than they might have been. And yet they had slipped completely out of touch with the Christian tradition into which every one of them had been born and bred. And the thing that meant so much to me, that illumined my days with a steady shining, meant nothing at all to most of them, and to none of them did it seem worth the effort of an hour a week spent in the "Quest of the Ages." But oddly enough, they were all interested to discover what I had found

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that they had failed to find. At last they asked me frankly, "What is your religion, that you care enough about it to defend it?"

It was then I brought out my flag of truce, and asked for time to think things through.

Outside of our reading circle, too, my husband and I met these women and their husbands in smaller groups, where more intimate query and response were possible. Over candle-lighted dinner-tables and before open fires, on summer porches in the twilight and at picnics on the beach or in the woods, we talked more sincerely and searchingly than I remember talking in twenty years of work and play together in this little town. At the request of some of these friends, and at the risk of being taken for an amateur missionary—which charge I call on a lifetime of reticence to refute—I have written down these questions and answers in a modern woman's catechism. The replies are a confession of the faith that has helped me in trouble, and inspires and directs my life.

Q. Do you believe in God?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you mean by God?

A. The creative force behind and within the universe. Limitless energy, complete beauty, expressing itself in unchanging law.

Q. How do you define religion?

A. I think of it as man's blind, stumbling, heroic effort to bring himself into harmony with this limitless energy and its law. It is positive, not negative. A way of living, not an escape from life.

Q. Why is there evil in the world?

A. Because, knowingly or unconsciously, we break these unchanging laws.

Q. What makes you think there is any creative force behind the universe—or any order in its operations? How do you know it isn't all a blind chaos—an accidental jumble of elements?

A. I cannot prove this. Whoever seeks the religious way of life must make this first choice between order and chaos. My limited human mind cannot grasp the whole design. I have not, so far, met any human mind that can grasp or explain it to my satisfaction. But the bits of the pattern that I can see carry suggestions of order and of beauty. From time to time I am conscious of a rhythm which beats in the pulse of all life. That rhythm, order and beauty, to me are God. This point of view seems more reasonable to me than your accidental jumble—and neither, so far as I can see, has been proven or disproven. I will not break my heart over unsolvable mysteries, but accept once and for all that the peace of God passeth my understanding, although I know that there are tried and tested ways by which it may be found.

Q. Is that Christianity, or is it Pantheism?

A. That is only the first half of my faith. The second is to take Christ's word that God is love.

Q. What do you mean by "God is love?" A trite expression, which smacks of Pollyanna.

A. I do not mean a mawkish sentimentality, but a wide and deep understanding and sympathy for your fellow-men.

Q. Do you believe in the immortality of your soul?

A. If you mean by immortality the survival of personality and individual consciousness after death, I can only answer that I do not know. This does not seem to me harder to believe than that light and heat from a dead planet travel through space, and are felt as light and heat in other worlds long after the star from which they came has ceased to burn and glow. But the truth is, I don't think much about whether my soul is mortal or immortal. It does not seem to me one of the important things. If our spirits live forever, this life is important because it is a stage on the journey through eternity. If the soul is mortal, then this life is important because it is all we have.

Q. Do you believe in the discoveries of science?

A. I believe anything that has been proved to be true. But even in my brief lifetime I have seen science outgrow its own theories too often to put my highest hope on them. The scientific way of life is nothing more than the search for truth. All truth must be in harmony with religion, and no creed or catechism that denied any truth could mean much to me. The greatest scientists keep open minds. If it were not for such men, and their faith in the unproven, we might still believe the world to be flat. As the marvelous complexity of life unfolds under the microscope, or the starts are drawn close to us by the telescope, my reverence increases for that first cause, that primal energy, which we call God. It is in my heart as well as my words when I say in church that I believe in God the Father, maker of heaven and earth.

Q. Do you realize that you are only a tiny atom of humanity, and that humanity is a transitory scum on the surface of a minor planet?

A. What you say is true. But it is just as true that if we think of ourselves as scum we will behave like scum. If we think of ourselves as significant parts of a scheme that has meaning, consistency, and possibilities of growth, we may—even while we realize that the wind passeth over us and we are gone, and the place thereof shall know us no more—accomplish something of eternal life. In our own time we have an example of this in Ghandi. The powerful radiations of the thinking of that one tiny atom of scum have profoundly troubled a great empire and threaten the economic stability of the whole world.

Q. Why are you a Christian rather than a follower of some other teacher?

A. Because I believe Christ's great contribution to the religious philosophy of mankind, "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another," is the surest way to human happiness. And because I believe that when the story of His life is stripped of every supersitition—every miracle, even—though I do not take it upon myself to deny His miracles—enough is left of fineness, of courage, of steadfastness and of hope to make Him the greatest of our teachers.

Q. Why do you go to church?

A. Because I think the cooperative search for the good life is more natural to most human beings and more effective, than the lonely search. Because I have certain times to do other important things, and it seems orderly and reasonable to me to set aside a certain time for worship.

Q. Do you believe in prayer?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you pray to something outside yourself, or inside yourself?

A. Both. I pray to all the beauty, courage and energy in the universe.

Q. Do you literally believe every word you say in church?

A. I think of creeds, prayers and services as gestures by which we induce in ourselves a certain reverence of mood. They change from time to time and are re-interpreted by succeeding generations. But the change should be gradual, or something of dignity and continuity is lost. I believe in the spirit of praise and prayer that is behind these gestures, and I am not troubled to interpret them too literally. They grew out of the experience of generations. They were written for humanity, not for me, except as I belong to the great human family. I would rather look through the words at the truth behind them than change the phraseology to suit the whim of each passing generation.

Q. Why can't we pray just as sincerely in the woods, or at home, or on the golf course as in a church?

A. We can. But how often do we do it? I, at least, find it easier to approach the infinite in a setting where every line and symbol represents some hope or aspiration of mankind. God is only in our churches because we have thought Him into them. The temple is only another gesture, but a useful and splendid one.

Q. When you pray outside of church, what do you pray for?

A. The pattern of my prayer is found in an old hymn:

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind
In purer lives Thy service find
In deeper reverence praise.

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Drop Thy still dews of quietness
'Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Q. How can you say "Father" unless you feel that you are speaking to a personal God?

A. I accept that word as I accept all other symbols that have a traditional meaning for humanity. Behind the symbol there is an idea. It is too big for my finite mind. I say "Father" because it is the best word we have to express the idea, "That to which I owe my life." And when I have accepted the symbol in this spirit, the idea itself becomes suddenly intimate and precious, by the use of that familiar, precious word. The miracle of the mass is performed in the human heart, and the bread and wine changed there to the body and the blood of Christ.

We preserve and use our symbols in every other walk of life. Why should we balk at them in religion? We say "Good morning" whatever the weather, without any heart-searchings and conscientious scruples, and we know that the morning may be a good one for us whatever the barometer registers. We stand at attention when the flag goes by. Our hearts lift and beat a little faster, although we know there is nothing in those strips of red and white cloth to command our respect. We know that the flag is only a symbol of the great experiment in cooperative living that is the United States of America. Why should we refuse to bow our heads when the cross leads the choir into church? The cross is our symbol of courage and consistency and dedication to an ideal. Christmas is our reminder that Christ loved children. Good Friday recalls us to the memory that He died a voluntary and shameful death for the things He believed to be true; as for Easter, I will never forget the morning when our rector turned to us from the altar to say, "Whether you accept the story of the resurrection as a literal fact or as a beautiful allegory, my message to you today is that, after two thousand years, Jesus lives; and His life is proved by my presence and your presence at this service."

So it comes about that our symbols and our gestures are at once entirely unimportant compared to the idea they represent, and uniquely precious as the gateway by which we enter the realms of the spirit.

Q. But don't you feel that too many pople see only the symbol and not the idea behind it? Isn't it a good thing to make a clean sweep every so often and destroy everything that gets between us and God?

A. No. I can't feel that this is a good thing at all. These "ancient, epic gestures of our race" are sanctified by all the hope and faith of all the men and women who have used them sincerely. Even a spring housecleaning should be conducted with some sobriety, and not by the youngest child armed with a feather duster. Certainly we must, from time to time, make a careful survey of attics and storerooms, discarding much that is without value or sentiment. Certainly our doors and windows should always be open, to let in the air and sunlight of new ideas. But must our living-rooms be invaded by a ruthless barbarian horde who smash because they like the clatter of it? We yearn for the dramatic, the spectacular and the unusual, and sometimes fail to see that many modern tendencies have nothing to recommend them except that they are new. When we have become accustomed to them they will have lost even the grace of novelty, and will bore us past all bearing.

WHEN someone says to me, "I get nothing from religion," I am always tempted to answer, "What do you give?" Of the clever women of my acquaintance, I am willing to wager that ten have read a dozen books on psychology since one has read the New Testament from cover to cover. They think clearly and deeply on every other subject, but some door of their minds is closed and bolted to religion.

Back in the past of each of them is the day and hour when that door clicked shut, and they have lacked the courage or the faith to reopen it. I do not believe it is because they care so little. I begin to believe it is because they care so much. We do not keep a locked door between ourselves and something to which we are indifferent. Sometimes the door was closed by trouble. They prayed, and their prayers were not answered in any way that they understood. And yet I have sometimes felt that the courage with which they met their trouble must have been the answer to their prayer, for it seemed to me more than human. But once the door is closed, no friend can reopen it for them.

TO others, that lost key means that some part of religion was, to them, greater than the whole. When that part was gone, or they thought it was gone, they stopped thinking. "If I can't believe in immortality," they say, "religion means nothing to me." Or, "If Christ is not divine, I am certainly not going to pray to Him." Or, "If I can't believe in every sentence of the Bible as inspired truth, I won't believe a word of it." I often wonder why they don't say, "Since I can't accept the Freudian interpretation of dreams, I have no use for psychology." Or, "When the objections to the nebular hypothesis were brought forth, I gave up physics and astronomy." Or perhaps, "When calomel and bloodletting ceased to be the chief standbys of practicing physicians I lost my faith in medicine."

Still others, I am sure, are afraid that behind the locked door there may be only emptiness.

Better by far, they feel, good bars of iron and panels of oak between them and some possibly beneficent mystery, than such barren disillusionment as this. To these you can make no answer, except that if they will venture nothing they will find nothing. And to those who have ventured and found nothing, there is not one word to say. As well try to describe love to someone who has never loved as the inner radiance of answered prayer to one who has never known it, or who having earnestly sought has failed to find it.

To many more the machinery of organized religion is a load too heavy for their faith to carry. There are times when the spirit seems lost indeed in the voluminous folds of the gesture. But we can always turn back to the source of our faith and read these great and simple truths. And we can realize, if we have good sense, that so huge an institution as the Christian Church could not be conducted with order and with dignity without an elaborate organization. If religion today is vastly more complex than religion two thousand years ago, the same is true of every phase of life.

Shall we turn our backs on the adventure of Christianity because it is inconvenient or difficult? If we do, we shall lose from our lives something that sustained and comforted our fathers, in which there is still help for us in these troubled years. If our mothers and grandmothers needed a religion, in their relatively simple lives, how much more do we require one in these days of terrific speed and blinding glare? To meet the challenge of this age we must call on all the beauty, and all the strength, and all the selflessness that there is in the world. Religion is no more nor less than that call and the answer to it.

I believe that the reawakening of interest among the women of this small village is a sign that the women of America have begun to realize their need of such an answer. I believe that our indifference is no more than skin deep and covers a growing longing for old beliefs "that we have loved long since, and lost awhile." I believe that we are ready to reinterpret old faiths in the light of a new day, that an age of skepticism is drawing to a close, and that an age of faith is at hand.

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Courtesy Milwaukee County Community Fund

This Club Is Okay

THEY were pretty well taken care of in Milwaukee, what with public and private relief, made-work and missions. But days had to be passed. Last year a riot wasn't hard to stir up. This winter a number of recreation- and character-building organizations appealed to the common council to rent a four-story building in the downtown section and to the school board for money for trained leaders. Soon a full-grown municipal recreation center was going strong. Over a thousand men came in bashfully the first day to look around. They stayed to play, self-consciously at first, and then like schoolboys. The attendance that first week jumped to ten thousand and after that to fifteen thousand a week.

No uplift, no registration, no questions, no burdensome discipline. Yet no members of the best clubs in Wisconsin could take more pride in their quarters than did these in their warehouse. They'd walk fifteen to twenty feet to drop a burned match in a receptacle.

Each man was eager to make some contribution. One donated five needles, his only possessions, so that others could mend their clothing. A carpenter gave a rusty chisel, all that was left of a tool kit pawned for food. A card table and cribbage board made in the workshop were turned in by another carpenter with the request that they be considered his "share of stock in the company."

From nine in the morning to nine at night the wheels hummed. Gutteral exclamations and fists banging on the table indicated that *Skat* and *Schafskopf*, two old German card games, were being played with traditional vehemence. From the rear came the click of billiard balls where an attendant issued half-hourly permits. Pianos tinkled. The reading room and library were generously filled with a quiet throng.

Upstairs basketball teams strove for the championship. A minstrel troupe rehearsed. On the third floor with a steady tapping of cobblers' hammers men gave a new lease on life to their footwear. An odor of steam came in from the pressing room where guests were invited to "Press Your Suit While You Wait." Carpenters and cabinet-makers indulged their fancy at workbenches, turning out model sailboats and toys and equipment for the "club."

Through the dock and flophouse district the word went out that "the club was Okay" and the director "a right guy." Every kind of workman was represented—accountants, truck-drivers, musicians, railroad men, mechanics, laborers and clerks. Even after more than a year of unemployment, most of the men made a daily round in search of something to do. The dock-wallopers and stevedores played cards with an ear cocked for the whistle of vessels approaching the harbor. When one was heard they dropped everything and dashed down to the docks for the dollar they could make at a half-day's work.

"It doesn't take the place of a job," as a young shipping clerk remarked, "but it does take your mind off your troubles."

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Child Analysis

By ANNA FREUD

Translated from the German by Ruth Mack-Brunswick

DURING the last decade the problem of lay analysis has come up again and again, both in the psychoanalytic societies themselves and in the outside world. The question involves essentially the choice of candidates for the psychoanalytic institutes, that is to say, the question as to who is to be given the right, on the basis of thorough theoretical and practical training, legitimately to treat the neuroses by psychoanalysis.

The attitude of individual analysts, of the public, and of the laws of the various countries is divided into two groups. On the one side is the extreme attitude that psychoanalytic therapy, like all other therapy, is a purely medical matter; that a neurosis is a disease of the human mind, which in its severity and significance is as important as disease of the body and which moreover is connected in mysterious ways with the latter. The lay analyst is considered incapable of making diagnoses and of judging the intercurrent physical illnesses arising during the analysis; his treatment of the neuroses, not being based upon a thorough medical knowledge, constitutes all too frequently a danger to the patient.

In opposition to this point of view, the extreme attitude of the other side opposes the comparison of the neurosis with physical disease. The neurosis is considered above all a social manifestation, a struggle of the individual against social demands which conflict with his instinctual wishes. The exponents of this point of view are unable to understand how the study of anatomy, physiology and pathology are to aid the analyst in his work of bringing the patient to a more normal adjustment of the demands of society and the neurotic conflict itself. The difficulties of diagnosis and the treatment of eventual physical complications are resolved by cooperation with a physician. Finally, the capacity of the lay analyst is considered adequate, despite its limitations, on the one hand where neurotic symptoms extend to the organic, and on the other hand where neurosis borders on psychosis. It is a fact that these two points of view which, existing side by side within the psychoanalytic movement, instead of hampering one another, tend to stimulate and broaden the psychoanalytic course of instruction.

The exponents of "medical" psychoanalysis attempt to make psychoanalysis an integral part of medical science. The analysts of this school are above all concerned with the establishment of psychoanalysis within the medical faculties of the universities, in the position of any other medical specialty. Inasmuch as this has not yet been accomplished, courses are held in the psychoanalytic teaching institutions for physicians specializing in all branches of medicine, in order to give instruction in the psychoanalytic understanding of the neurotic side of physical disease. An ever-increasing intimacy between psychoanalysis and psychiatry is particularly desired and emphasized, with the aim that every psychiatrist should acquire some knowledge of analysis and, eventually, that every analyst should be a trained psychiatrist.

In contrast to this point of view, the exponents of the social origin of the neuroses are concerned with arousing an interest in psychoanalysis in all groups which, directly or indirectly, are concerned with the guidance and control of human beings or with the relationship between the individual and society: that is to say, educators, social workers, judges and ministers. It is hoped that, according to the special needs of each profession, the new and deeper knowledge of human mechanisms gained by psychoanalytic psychology will help to form the basis for the practise of these professions, and will aid in their prophylactic or curative aims. The greatest emphasis is laid upon the diffusion of theoretical psychoanalytic knowledge amongst the members of these professions; but the proponents of this side are also prepared to offer a practical training in the actual treatment of the neuroses to picked representatives of these professions.

IF we examine the general attitude toward these two more or less opposed tendencies in the courses of instruction of the psychoanalytic institutes, we become aware of a curious contradiction. The basis of the activity of the institutes is the training of physicians who are to become psychoanalysts. This is unquestioned and is accepted legally and officially in all countries. But the number of medical and especially psychiatric candidates is a very moderate one, never exceeding the capacity of the psychoanalytic institutes. The emotional and scientific resistance to the new science of psychoanalysis is still firmly established in the official medical schools and, at least in Europe, permits of only a slow and gradual approach on the part of physicians to the psychoanalytic movement. In contrast, the non-medical professions mentioned above have the greatest interest in psychoanalytic instruction and seem somehow to have much less resistance to it. If it were not for the fact that the entire question of lay analysis has become such a matter of dispute and if in some countries the laws against it were not so severe, the lay candidates would in a very short time flood the psychoanalytic insti-

IF children are to be "guided" who shall be the guide—home, school, mental-hygiene clinic—or all? And if so, how? If a young twig gets bent whose job is the unbending—education, psychiatry, social work, the church or a good old-fashioned spanking? Discovery of an array of new psychological tools brings home to parents and a galaxy of the professions the question of who best can use them? Anna Freud, teacher, psychoanalyst and daughter of Sigmund Freud, tells how both ordinary and extraordinary children are served by the new psychology, and discusses the problem of whose job it is.

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tutes and far outnumber the medical candidates. Among the professions mentioned there are two in particular which have the greatest expectations from psychoanalysis and which are most convincing in their demand for it: those concerned with the upbringing of normal children and workers with problem children. Both base their demands on the fact that their aim is to achieve changes in human beings and that in this work, where the problem of the neuroses is obviously not to be avoided, the understanding and aid which psychoanalysis affords must be at their disposal.

THERE is every reason for us to take this attitude seriously, when we recall the fact that it was psychoanalysis which first established the connection between neurosis and upbringing. Psychoanalysis explains the neurosis as the result of a struggle between two contradictory instances: on the one hand the instinctual wishes arising within the individual, and on the other hand the limitations and denials arising originally from the outside world, which prevent the fulfilment of these wishes. Educators in the home and in institutions, those within the family and those employed by the state, have the task of presenting to the immature child the demands of the outside world, the denials and restrictions of the child's instinctual wishes. The child himself is bound to attempt to satisfy his instinctual desires. The pedagogue is obliged to disturb and very often to prevent these satisfactions. With the small child, he accomplishes his purpose by active interference; with the older child by means of a lengthy and sustained psychic influence, which aims to teach the child to recognize and obey the demands of the outside world. The function of the pedagogue is ended when within the child the super-ego or conscience has incorporated these demands within itself and become strong enough to impose them upon the instincts. Between this psychic instance and the instinctual wishes of the child the same struggles may now flare up which have existed previously between the child and those concerned with his upbringing. If the conscience or super-ego is too severe, incompatible and unrelenting, illness results from the conflict between conscience and instinct. One is tempted to say that the educator is in part responsible for this illness, which would not have occurred without his share in the development of the super-ego.

But those entrusted with the upbringing of children defend themselves against this accusation. They reply that their work is far from independent, that in the upbringing of children they are merely subordinates. The demands and restrictions which they in turn give the child are made not by them, but by society, of which they are the representatives. Every society is concerned with perpetuating its own ideals and customs by transferring them to the next generation. The pedagogue is used to this end. Those who bring up children have the feeling that they have no responsibility for the consequences of their activity provided that these consequences result not from the methods used, but from the demands themselves which they are obliged to make of the child and which constitute the aim of education. Those workers who come to psychoanalysis for help claim that, as a result of the study of the new facts revealed by psychoanalysis, this type of subordinate, irresponsible pedagogy should come to an end. The demands of the state and society, to which the next generation must bow, are fixed and arbitrary. Psychological considerations play no part in the official program of education. But by virtue of their new information, these workers with normal children would be enabled to compare the task allotted to them with their knowledge of the psychic structure of the child and to judge its feasibility. They could then recognize in advance which demands and restrictions are psychologically impossible, incompatible with the nature of the child, and thus the source of neurotic illness. Instead of remaining blind executives without will of their own, they would learn to form a critical judgment of their superiors and to weigh the given social aim of upbringing against the equally important facts of the psychological structure of the child.

What applies to the workers with normal children applies in even greater measure to the workers with problem children, those "difficult" children and adolescents who have not succeeded in reconciling their instincts to the demands of the outside world. As a consequence of the unresolved conflict, these individuals are handicapped, incapable and useless on the one hand or, on the other, in revolt against the outside world and consequently delinquent. The worker with the problem child is expected to do that which the upbringing has so far failed to accomplish, to bring the individual and the outside world into some sort of adjustment. But only when both sides are amenable is there any chance of success for this task. An examination of the situation into which the worker with the problem child is called ordinarily reveals an unfair and sometimes unbearable pressure of the outside world upon the child or adolescent in question. The social worker tries first to reason with the adult environment of the child or to reduce the material need when it is such as to have become unbearable. In a favorable case, the abnormal manifestations of the child hereupon decrease and the child himself becomes more accessible to the diminished demands made upon him. The success thus achieved encourages the parents to make further concessions and finally, after both sides have repeatedly given way, the conflict may be fully solved.

To our surprise, however, we find that this desirable and comprehensible success is, despite prolonged and costly efforts, not achieved in most cases. The worker with problem children must be prepared for the fact that not all parents are capable of enlightenment. Prejudice, maladjustment, delinquency, or criminality of the parents often preclude the possibility of the necessary favorable change in their pedagogic attitude toward the child. In such cases, social service is prepared for more energetic measures. The child is removed from his home and placed either in another family or in an appropriate institution, and in any case is exempted, when necessary by law, from the authority of the parents and from the continuance of their detrimental influence. Thus a favorable environment is assured.

WHAT the social worker is ordinarily not prepared for is the fact that this change in the external situation may remain entirely without effect. When the conflict between instincts and restraints is no longer an external one between the child and his educators, but has become an internal one between the conscience, which has taken over the rôle of the educator, and the remaining ego of the child, then every effort directed toward the environment of the child is futile. The child reacts toward every environment as if it were the original one; toward every alleviation and vouchsafing of freedom as if the earlier pressure and lack of freedom were being maintained undiminished. Through his inner neurotic conflict he has lost the power to adapt himself; and this can be regained only when the neurosis has been cured. The worker with problem children who does not understand the treatment of the neuroses has here reached the limit of his capabilities.

Here the worker with normal children and the worker with problem children are both faced with a task for which they are entirely untrained and (*Continued on page* 414)

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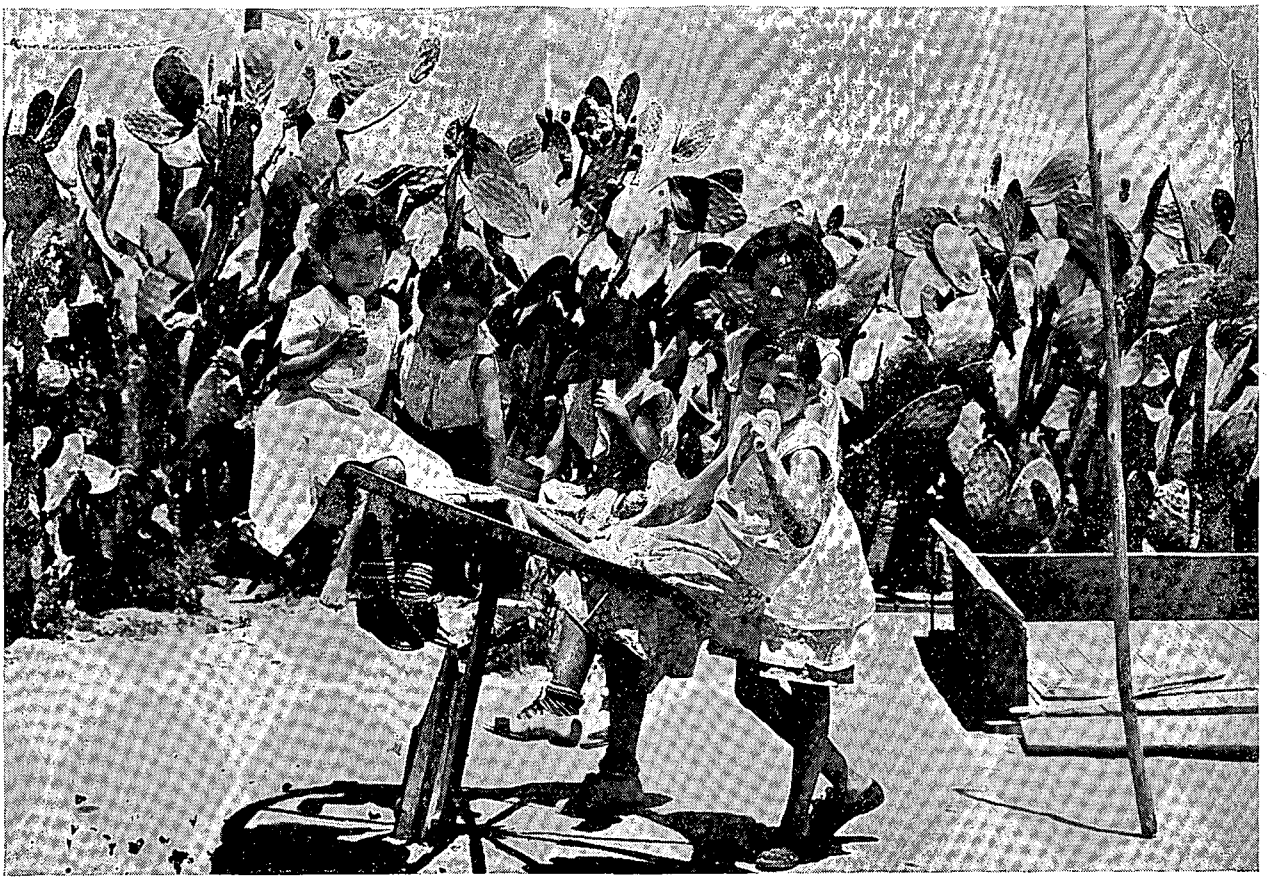

Mrs. Petra Cervantes, near her rose arbor bath-house. She is making Christmas Buñuelos.

Above: the Torries children playing on their homemade Merry-go-Round.

To the right: Mrs. Lupe Torries pictured with a cactus which serves as her family Bible. When a new baby is born, its name together with the date of birth is recorded on one of the leaves of this nopal cactus. As the leaf grows the record remains, enlarging with the growth.

Laughter and Handicraft

These Too Are Mexican Books Without Print

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Books Without Print

By DRUZILLA R. MACKEY

THREE special books the Mexicans have, all read by the illiterate. But to know the books you must live among the readers, and then you will understand among other things why clean new houses will not of themselves and immediately make Mexican laborers and their families into clean new Americans. When I went to La Habra to share for a time the life of a California labor camp, I took with me only an army cot, a table, some kitchen chairs, an oil stove and a meager supply of dishes and cooking utensils all fairly thrown after me by my family as I departed. The cabin in which I was to live was like those of my neighbors.

I wished the Mexicans to feel that my pecuniary condition was the same as their own, that their problems were my problems. This plan worked much better than I had anticipated. In fact, it worked entirely too well. My neighbors, seeing my lack of household goods coupled with the absence of flesh from my bones, decided that even as they themselves had often done, so was I waiting anxiously for my first payday before stocking up with supplies. "She is *muy flaca*," they said, "and probably hungry," so they decided in true Mexican fashion to keep me in food until payday should arrive. Each morning Mrs. Estrada brought me a quart of milk. Mrs. Martinez sent her little girl with two fresh eggs. Others brought boiled corn and vegetables. These donations, which came regularly during the two weeks preceding payday, were proffered with the same air of kindly condescension which we had so often observed when members of the Ladies' Aid visited an indigent Mexican family.

SOON after my arrival, one woman called me into her house to show me the only bathtub in the camp. It had been salvaged from a house lately destroyed by fire. She said, "Whenever you wish to take a bath just come here. Come today." Another exhibited her new dresser and comb with the remark, "You can use it right now if you want to." Then it was I began dimly to understand the Mexican immigrants and to wonder whether I had come to clean them up or whether they were succoring me.

Even the short space of my first two weeks was more completely filled with new impressions than I can ever relate. I found that three fourths of the people in the colony had never been inside a school and could not read nor write a word. In all of the sixty houses I discovered only four books; besides Raffles and the Arabian Nights there was a book on the language of flowers, while the fourth was an interpretation of the meanings of dreams. How would the world appear, I wondered, if one were unable to read? For several months I read nothing and for the first time in my life I began to think. Instead of following what somebody else had thought and written down, I thought for myself. Sometimes I would spend an entire evening just thinking. I recommend it to you. But I soon realized that even this did not give me the actual outlook of the illiterate because I had a background of books and training of the mind with which to do my thinking. So I still pondered the question, What is the mental food of the illiterate Mexican?

Because I wished to know every phase of Mexican life I accompanied some of my near neighbors on their frequent pilgrimages to the quack doctors who did a land-office business in the Plaza district of Los Angeles. I was dubious about the medical integrity of these well-to-do gentlemen, but my respect for their understanding of Mexican psychology grew with every visit. Before gaining admittance to the private sanctum we usually spent an hour or so in the crowded waiting-room. There were no worn copies of The Literary Digest, Saturday Evening Post or Hygeia with which to beguile the long minutes, but to the Mexicans this hour was one of the enjoyable features of the trip because on the center table there stood always a phonograph with a pile of records conveniently at hand. I remembered then how often in the city I had seen groups assembled about a phonograph (today it is usually a radio) during the long evenings or the longer rainy days of unemployment.

Here, I decided, was one of the books with which a Mexican entertains himself—an unprinted Mexican book. The only reason that California is not a center of Mexican composers and musicians of ability is because most of them are too poor to buy instruments and take the lessons. With a guitar, cheapest of instruments, the Mexican troubador entertains his neighbors for hours, singing original songs usually improvised on the spur of the moment without a thought of possible fame. An educated Mexican once told me how his religious father, imbued with old-time ideas, would not allow his children to sing secular songs or learn to play any instrument which might lead them to depart from his ruling. I wish you could have heard the pathos in his voice as he ended the story: "And so I never learned to play. I was an undernourished child because, you know, to a Mexican music is the bread of the spirit."

ANOTHER unprinted book of these illiterate laborers was made up of the carefully tended gardens around each little cottage. According to an old legend, Quetzalcoatl, the Fair God, taught the ancient Mexicans how to grow corn so large that one ear was all a man could carry. Mexicans still raise bigger and better corn than anybody else. In each small garden the family established their little *milpa* or cornfield. Around the cornstalks they planted red Mexican beans which soon decorated the stalks with windings of scarlet bloom. Shaky little arbors supported luxuriant squash-vines of several varieties and there was always the flower-bed filled with a wealth of bloom which the Mexicans endowed with picturesque names: The Little Hands, Wings of the Angels, Joseph's Coat. Common hollyhocks became, The Roses of Saint Joseph. There were Fragrance of the Night and the almost sacred poinsettia, Flower of Christmas Eve. Of every fiesta, flowers were an important part. On my birthday, my house was filled with flowers. Last week when I went home with one of our Mexican girls after her graduation I found her poor little house in a court had been made a bower of color and fragrance. "The neighbors are too poor," she said, "to give me graduation presents, but they all brought me flowers." Even when a

(*Continued on page* 411)

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Middle-Class Misery

By JOHN PAUL JONES

THE plight of the farmer, the wage-earner and the lower paid white-collar worker is pretty well known. We may not be able to do much about it, but it is generally recognized that these are the greatest sufferers from the depression. Yet there is another group which is tragically affected. It is made up of those who belong to the upper fringe of the middle class, especially those in the everyday business world. This is the group of the fairly well-to-do who have been accustomed to think of life more or less in terms of comforts and advantages which are bought with money. They are the executives, technical experts, efficiency men, promoters, lawyers, advertisers, managers and the like. Economic chaos soon sweeps them to the border-line and before long pushes them over. The kind of readjustment which they are called upon to make is heroic. They undergo months of torture before they darken the door of a relief agency.

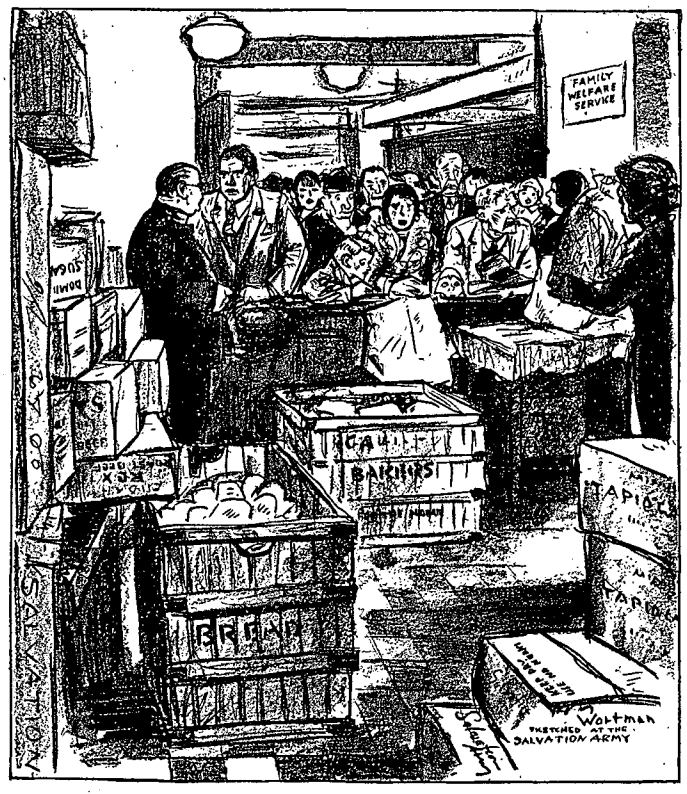
It is not difficult, however, to discover from physicians, clergymen, social and relief workers plenty of evidence of their tragic condition. Let us look at several typical cases.

The first concerns a man who for twelve years had been a factory superintendent. Three years ago a business merger was consummated that promised to result in advantage to everybody. But what happened in 1930 and 1931 upset all calculations. It was soon evident that the personnel in the enlarged factory must be cut down. The superintendent was let out. It was an incredible experience, but it had to be endured. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the future will tell, he owned his own home and had some money invested. An immediate adjustment was made. The children were taken out of private school and put into the public school. Help in the house was dispensed with. An automobile went to the second-hand dealer. Fortified by years of experience and many personal friendships, the man set out to seek a new job. That was a year ago. He is still looking. His faith in life and people wavers.

The second case involves an electrical engineer who, more than a year ago, received his last pay-check. He began immediately seeking another job within his profession. He quickly discovered that he was part of a large company of electrical men who were no longer needed. He made an immediate adjustment. He moved his family to a comfortable summer home belonging to relatives near a village in the country. That was in the spring. He continued diligently to search for work. The summer home became an autumn home. It turned out also to be a winter home. The children had a taste of the rural school. The wife, separated from her friends and without her accustomed comforts and conveniences, faced the inevitable, but without much happiness. She at first declared she would not stay all winter, and one wonders what may happen with a second and third winter in prospect. A sort of bewildered resentment, on her part, makes for uneasiness in the home. Her husband made use of his practical ingenuity and was soon the handy-man of the village in matters of plumbing, heating and general odd jobs requiring more than unskilled attention. As yet there is no evidence that he will have any other employment.

A couple of years ago, a man in his fifties was offered a fine increase in salary in a line of work somewhat different from his accustomed business. He declined the offer. He said, "I have been with Company A for twenty years. I have put in my best efforts with them here at home and even established their business abroad. I am too old to change. I am with Company A for life." But in these two years Company A has had to merge with a rival company and even that has not restored economic health. One day the man who thought he was fixed for life went out of the office with a dismissal paper in his hand. Even after several weeks, he could hardly grasp what had happened. Yet he is aware that his experience and associations are such that he ought to land a job if anybody can. He says that he does not worry, but confesses to a suppressed uneasiness lest his business career may be over. Standpat Republican all his days, he now says he doesn't blame people for turning radical.

College people of the better type are also involved. There are living today, with their three children, the youngest a baby, in a most unattractive apartment surrounded by uncongenial people, a man and his wife, both graduates of prominent colleges. Not so many months ago they lived in an almost pretentious suburban home. The husband was a supervisor for an investment house. There is no need to explain the loss of his job



Sketched at the Salvation Army by Wortman of the New York World-Telegram

"I've never had to ask for food before; I don't quite know how to begin"

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and on top of that, considerable money was lost in an out-and-out swindle. Sensing the situation at once, they sold much of their furniture and established themselves in their present quarters. They borrowed money from the husband's mother and later from the wife's sister. The search for a job was persistent and courageous. None was found. Resources of relatives and friends exhausted, the man and his wife came to a relief bureau with one simple question, "What are we to do?"

They had at that time actually no food in the house. A social worker was sent at once with some provisions. She realized immediately that she was dealing with sensitive and refined people. The situation was desperate, but their spirits were not yet broken. The wife and mother, accustomed to maid-service all her life, did not know how to plan; how to get the most from grocery money; not even how to use electric lights with economy. She responded splendidly, however, to all suggestions from the relief worker and adjusted herself to the situation so well that an extra allowance of money and milk was granted by the relief station. The husband, searching for any kind of work, finally came in late one night, his face flushed and excited. He had landed a block-aid job at $24 a week. He explained in a burst of enthusiasm, "We are going to put this over 100 per cent."

The case of a ship broker is typical of another group of sufferers. This man has been in business for himself, buying small ships, reconditioning and selling them. He got caught with too many boats on his hands but was shrewd enough to get rid of some at a small loss. One contract looked especially promising. He sold a large boat under agreement to put it in first-class condition. He invested all of the money he had left in this one affair and borrowed in addition for the repair work. Then the prospective buyer met reverses and could not take the boat. The ship broker found himself unable to sell or to borrow more money. He couldn't carry on his business; he couldn't get funds to run his home. All of his immediate friends had been unable to loan him enough to meet personal requirements. He has sold every loose article that was saleable and appealed to a relief agency for the payment of rent, light bills and money for food. The family jewelry, including a diamond engagement ring, are in pawn. When he will get a "break" nobody knows. His inferiority complex grows more and more noticeable.

STILL another case is cited because it represents a group who appear to be incapable of making any adjustment to their changed status. This concerns a husband, wife and seventeen-year-old boy who have always had a good many of the luxuries of life. The husband held a managerial position in a plumbing establishment. He lost his job. About the same time, the boy developed a serious bone disease requiring an operation and a long period of convalescence. Without the resources to maintain their somewhat pretentious home, they nevertheless refused to leave it. A brother came to the rescue, and, for a time, paid the rent. The sister of the wife also has resources and has helped. Hospital bills were also paid by these relatives. The husband, unable to find work and reduced to desperate circumstances, finally had to appeal to a relief agency.

He took a three-dollar-a-day job, but soon gave it up with the excuse that he had to take care of the boy at home. The wife is continually calling the relief agency in utter bewilderment. She thinks it is terrible that someone doesn't find a "position" for her husband—she refuses to consider a "job." When the relief worker over the telephone said she had a five-dollar-a-day job the wife replied, "There is no use for my husband to take that kind of a job; why our doctor costs five dollars a day." They refuse free medical services. The wife calls up the relief agency frequently and weeps over the 'phone. Canned vegetables sent in were rejected at first with contempt. Their invalid boy simply could not eat such things. The husband is more sensible, but the wife dominates the situation. She spends her time in bewildered despair, insisting that nobody cares. The relief agency struggles along as best it can. What the future holds, nobody can predict.

Perhaps a list of typical cases would not be complete without mention of an insurance broker who is pretty sure to face arrest for embezzlement of funds. Unable to secure enough out of his business to live on, he has used money paid in for insurance, which should have been forwarded at once to the home office. Affairs at home were so desperate and the promise of certain unfinished business ventures so encouraging, at least to his own mind, that he used this money against his better judgment. The promises have not materialized and in trying to work out of this situation he has, as usual, made matters more difficult. Now, only a very generous friend, unlikely to be found, can save him from an ultimate prison term.

LAYING aside for the moment the matter of the mental and emotional reaction of these formerly well-to-do, let us ask, What does the future hold for them? Their incomes have been so drastically cut that they are no longer significant, or they have been lost altogether. What can they do by way of recovering their former status? Better to face the truth with them than offer any sort of pollyanna doctrine.

The first element of the truth which they have to face is indeed bitter. Many of them are never going back into the business or profession from which they have been removed. At least for another generation, if not permanently, the business world is going to do without them. Mergers, bankruptcies and bank failures, the concentration of business together with the lessened business activity, will leave multitudes of professional men permanently without employment. Even if employment in their lines increases, thousands of young men in training will have the advantage when the reassignment comes. One bit of irony in the whole situation has been that some of the most efficient of these men have so organized business and demonstrated the possibility of doubling up that they have worked themselves and their fellows out of jobs.

Where, then, shall these people turn for a livelihood? Many will seek positions on lower business levels. This, however, will prove no solution, for the lower levels of employment are already crowded. A great number will be forced to depend upon friends and relatives for temporary support. This, of course, again is no solution, except that in a good many cases it will result in children permanently supporting their parents.

Not a few will find their way into some phase of selling. Certain professional people have always resorted to this in an emergency. For example, the minister out of a job proverbially turns to life insurance. With enough work and persistence, selling usually brings some reward, though the price paid may be terrific. Anyone who rings enough doorbells with any sort of useful commodity will secure some sort of return. The man cited in my first case is selling supplies required in everyday usage by certain building-trades workers. He makes acquaintances and shows his samples during the day and uses the telephone at night. "I looked for over half an hour for a telephone booth with a seat in it," he said to me. "Then I

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made twenty calls, and I got some orders too." Quite likely in the immediate future a greater variety of commodities will be sold at the door. This is robbing the storekeeper of his legitimate business, but it is a process of bringing about a re-distribution of income.

Not everyone who tries will succeed at the selling game. What else is left? One might as well admit there is a good deal of illegitimate or outlawed business which presents an alluring temptation. There are rackets of all kinds, and some of my friends tell me that I would be surprised to know the people who are bootlegging. It is not difficult, however, to understand people stooping to this sort of thing when they come to feel that they have been unjustly used. In fact, some unemployed people today bitterly reflect that their honesty has been their undoing. A buyer who recently lost out in a merger, grimly remarked that he might have lined his pockets so that he would not have needed another job.

As far as I can see there is only one other possibility for this class of business people whose services are no longer required. They may be able to invent, or to create, some new form of service to society, and thus find new employment. Necessity is the mother of invention, and possibly something may be born out of our desperation. I happen to know of a widow whose supposedly sound investments failed her while her three children were still in college. She remembered that as a girl she was an expert with a needle and loved it. Very much on the quiet, she has been able to gather a large group of girls from her immediate neighborhood into her home where she teaches them fine sewing. The remuneration she gets from this is not large but it helps.

I have been told also of the ingenuity of another woman, whose husband's business, badly shaken for years, collapsed in the present muddle. They now live in a modest home and the maids are gone. The husband is one of those who probably cannot again find a place in a productive enterprise, but she has taught the community how to use a woman's exchange, both for convenience and profit—a new form of service to her community. She gains her recompense as its manager.

I know also of two men who have set up a different kind of investment agency. They offer to people on a voluntary basis without any definite charge, expert advice on the present rating and probable future of securities. People may take the information or leave it and they may or may not pay for it.

ONE by-product of the situation may be significant. Some of the people who have turned their backs on the country for the "big city" are coming home. The village and the country town—even the farm, stand in better favor just now. There were other factors involved in the steady drift to the city, but the promise of comfort and money were to the front. But without employment the city dweller's comfort is gone and he may long for the simpler life of his childhood where the garden and cow and homespun ways could tide one over in an emergency.

Recently, I paid a brief visit to the farm and village where I was reared out on the open acres of the Middlewest. One morning I discovered the townsmen in groups here and there, discussing what appeared to be a major event. The details were not altogether clear, but one of "the boys" had come home. He had been away for several years in one of our great cities. He had found his stride. He had been living affluently. Then his job vanished. He couldn't get another. An humble cottage at the edge of town was to house a new family. As I went about the two or three towns of my acquaintance near the old home where my parents still live, I was surprised. Not a few of the people who had gone out to the cities and had been in good positions, were back home. And they were still coming. While agriculture is still a sick industry, it must remain forever essential. Moreover, the automobile, good roads and better school systems are only some of the things which have reduced the disadvantages of rural life. May there not be a reversal of the population drift?

Of course, many are returning home because they cannot help it and must throw themselves on the mercy of relatives and friends. They are marking time until they can go back. But, some are thinking seriously on the relative merits of our complex civilization as contrasted with the ways of yesterday. Some are going to experiment with the simple life. The difficulty, of course, is that not many are trained in the high art of simple living.

VIEWED even from the most hopeful angle, the plight of the formerly well-to-do unemployed is tragic beyond description. Vast multitudes of them have lost financial security forever. In bewilderment and bitterness they will seek a sign of hope and no sign will be given. Some will give up and end it all, but a great majority will go on living some kind of broken and frustrated lives.

This is tragedy enough, but it is not the worst. More serious yet is the silent but ominous comment upon our civilization implicit in such a state of affairs. America, the land of promise, has betrayed many of its most trustful and believing sons and daughters. From the beginning, it has taught its children to believe in the sure rewards of industry and thrift. It has implied by its every emphasis that respectability and security are the fruits of education and vocational training when honestly applied. It has boasted of a democracy where the good life is meant for all. It has set a high premium upon diligence in productive endeavor. Today, its promises have gone to the four winds. Millions find their services unwanted and the materials of life, which their efforts have produced, under lock for which they have no key. They feel that some kind of monstrous trick has been played upon them. Incredible as it may seem, after wearisome and painful rehearsals, the show has been cancelled so far as they are concerned. The bright dream of youth has turned into a nightmare.

But in a more serious sense than this, their civilization has failed them. It has utterly unfitted them to face up to life all the way round. It has failed to equip them with a culture rooted in things which cannot be shaken. It leaves them to suffer in bewilderment or bitterness because they do not know what to do with adversity or defeat. Their civilization has debauched them with a superficial culture based upon a philosophy that the good life depends pretty much upon an abundance of comforts and possessions. It has left fundamental resources of personality undeveloped, almost forgotten.

There has always been a certain fascination for me in the better English and French novels of the last century. In them one discovers certain admirable characters who possess spirits that are serene and self-reliant in the best sense of the word. They have achieved a discipline, or culture, through which the resources of personality are made available. In sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, in plenty and in want they find life immensely worth living. The fireside and the countryside, books, friends, conversation, ideas and ideals, furnish the stuff of their daily bread. American culture is not yet conducive to that sort of thing. Prosperity brings scant happiness; without prosperity misery is our portion.

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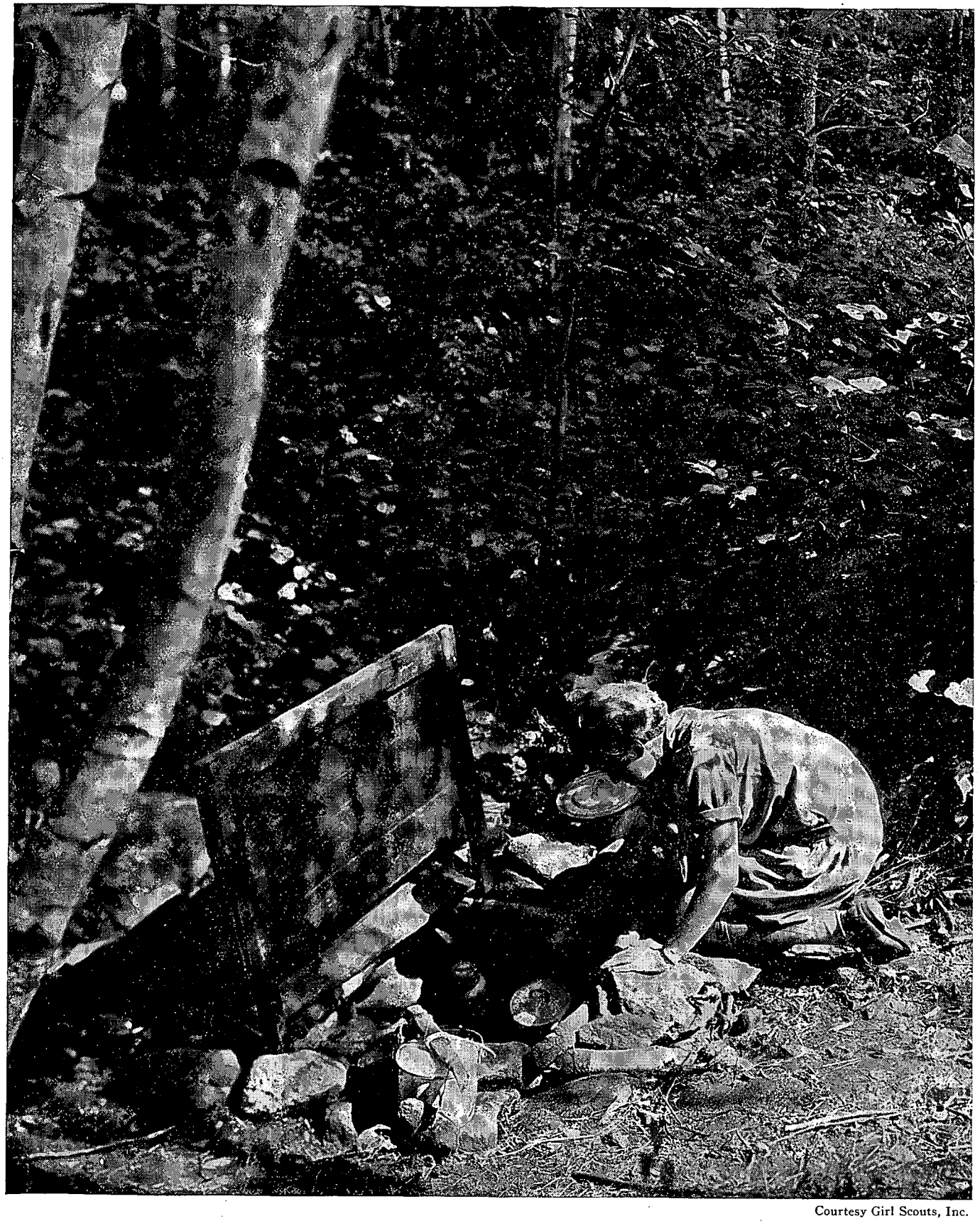

Courtesy Girl Scouts, Inc.

CACHE AND CARRY

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Looking Back to Now

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

JUST as this article must go to the printer, with scant margin of time for verification, there comes over the radio to the far rural region where I chance to be staying, the downright assertion that Germany, Italy and Japan have resigned from the League of Nations! Obviously it is a lie out of whole cloth, without a vestige of foundation; conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity from a source notoriously hostile to the League and all its works and aspirations . . . the wish father to the thought. If it were true—catastrophe, to all that has been painfully building up since the war tore out the foundations from under all that had been. One must know, even without such hasty inquiry as was possible, that it could not be true; for all the signs and portents are to the contrary. No need of the geologist's or even the historian's time-sense and backward-looking imagination, to see Now from the long future's point of view and to realize the importance of these days. Not since 1914—or indeed whatever date before that you may choose to assume, have so many crucial factors converged into one vast significance.

Lausanne set the pace. At that momentous gathering they went far. The major thing was open and definite recognition and irrevocable registry of the fact that Germany can and will pay no more; the end of reparations, and with it, whether we like it or not, the end of the whole great system of inter-ally debts and payments. There is no blinking this fact, which has become increasingly evident to all but the blindest of our irreconcilables. As Viscount Cecil wrote recently:

> No scheme has yet been devised to work these huge unilateral payments into the general system of supply, demand and exchange which makes up the commerce of the world. There is no way in which they can be looked upon as anything but burdens, disadvantages or impediments in the general task of economic recovery.

It was a great day for Ramsay MacDonald. My own memory goes back to that afternoon at Geneva in September 1924, when he and Herriot of France made their great speeches in support of the "Geneva Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes," which was afterward scuttled by the British Conservatives, speaking through Austin Chamberlain. Lausanne vindicated MacDonald and insured his place in history, as one of the great peace-makers. I venture to believe that in the long run Herriot will stand beside him, hardly less among great Frenchmen than Aristide Briand himself.

Ensuing upon Lausanne came the British-French accord, envisaging mutual council in international emergency, but in a spirit defying parallel in history: "to give the lead in making an immediate mutual contribution . . . in accordance with the spirit of the Covenant of the League of Nations . . . they will cooperate with each other and other interested governments . . ."

There were attempts to interpret this as renewal of the old balance-of-power stuff, but that endured hardly over-night; for almost instantly Germany joined them, first assuring herself that it had no significance of hostility against any other nation, the United States in particular.

AND now—lo, Saul among the prophets! Senator Borah, of all unexpected people, discovering that international debts lie at the core of all the world's economic troubles, demanding, and by direct inference prophesying, that there must be a profound overhauling of all that business. Surely, "the world do move." And this convert, mind you, is chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

It is a fact in chemistry that when a crystal is dropped into a nearly-saturated solution of the same, it sets the whole liquid to crystallizing, as it were prematurely. Senator Borah has often displayed an uncanny aptitude to sense the direction of public tendency. When he discovers the writing on the wall, the foot-print in the sand, it is of no small significance. He has beaten Mr. Hoover and Governor Roosevelt to recognition of the inevitable. Mr. Hoover has shown some symptoms of suspecting it; but Mr. Roosevelt still fishes behind the net. It is hard to understand, except on the theory that he doesn't know, such an utterance as this; in his newly-published volume of speeches:[1]

> I indict the (Hoover) Administration. . . . It has not summoned up the moral courage to tell the nations of Europe that they must acknowledge the debts which their governments owe to the government of the United States. . . .

What does he mean—"acknowledge"? Heaven knows they have acknowledged, and talked about little else. We hold their notes, and they *have paid*, thousands of millions to us. In Foreign Policy Reports for April 29, 1931, on "Reparations and the Inter-Ally Debts in 1931," Prof. James W. Angell says:

> In the current year they (the inter-ally debts, excluding the unfunded obligations of Armenia and Russia) will yield us, together with our small direct receipts from Germany, roughly $240,000,000.

This not including private debts. At this writing I do not know, and cannot wait to learn, what Mr. Hoover will say in his (*Continued on page* 409)

Cassel in the Brooklyn Eagle

An Isolationist's Discovery

[1] Government — Not Politics. By Franklin D. Roosevelt. New York, Covici-Friede. $1.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Leaders?

THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY FORD, *by Jonathan Norton Leonard. Putnam. 245 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS, *edited by Felix Frankfurter. Yale University Press. 232 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
MOORFIELD STOREY, *by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Houghton-Mifflin. 384 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS, *edited by Devere Allen. Farrar & Rinehart. 346 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

WE NEED leaders. That is the single prescription on which the doctors for chaos agree. They neglect to tell us how to get the prescription filled. You cannot make leaders by fiat; you cannot even buy a leader. They are the gift of God. You must nurture them during peace to have them in times of peril. Then you must recognize the leader and follow him. But the people seem to have lost the instinct for knowing a leader. They have been fooled too often by false leaders created by publicity, and when these bubble reputations explode the people yowl with cynical ridicule and put no faith in any man. They cannot produce their own leaders as they did Lincoln or Debs. If they could, right now, it might mean strange terrors; with a leader, the Bonus Army in Washington could have become a center of violence. We need not apparently fear a dictator . . . we lack the raw material. We are reaping the harvest of these last years of skeptic "debunking" and illusionary publicity.

Owen Young says our possible leaders have been deflected into a narrow special field and lack the general knowledge, broad philosophy, and touch with people. He might have added that many have been too concerned with making things and making money to perfect themselves in the arts of seeking human values and serving public causes. When they risk an attitude or an act outside the special field, they look ignorant and childish. This is the tragedy of Henry Ford, says Jonathan Leonard. "I want to do things and say things which will make people think." But he had not the knowledge or the gift for thinking in himself. So this distracted idealist who had in him certain noble instincts—for peace, for the old American simplicity, for a kind of industrial paternalism—lent his ignorance and prejudices to foolish ventures or pure nonsense like his unfounded anti-Semitism. The book centers on what Mr. Ford was not and so is perhaps unfair to what he so clearly was: it pictures a pathetic failure, with roots in the age-old American dualism. It lessens any idea of a leader created by mass pressure. Here was the ideal specimen of the chauffeur type for Keyserling's "chauffeur age." Mechanical genius (from the bicycle shop instead of the log-cabin), vast wealth, mass production and gigantic popular publicity through the symbolism of the old "flivver"—these were not enough. So Mr. Leonard concludes: "The country is no longer willing to listen to a rural Bourbon masquerading as the prophet of a New Era."

THE collection of papers for Mr. Justice Brandeis's seventy-fifth birthday reveals the precise opposite, a leadership of thinking, based on a tradition of democracy from the '48ers, the ethical heritage of the Hebrew race, and a mature philosophy of society. The figure is one of a great free mind seeking to make the law foster liberty and individual values in a changing environment. The book is the best conspectus of Mr. Brandeis's legal and social thought we have. The authors leave unanswered the question as to whether the Justice's concept of the individual, the personal, the small unit will endure against the powerful movement toward vast organizations. But they do prove the value in leaders of a central core of faith. One other question remains in mind: Are we breeding a new set of leaders? If we are, who can name them? Where are the successors of Louis Brandeis, Jane Addams, John Dewey?

THE question is pointed by Mr. Howe's admirable study of the independent, Moorfield Storey. We need almost more than national leaders, the local independent of which Storey was the New England type—the man who is willing to get up in meeting and say his say even if it means criticism of idols like Theodore Roosevelt or friends like Cabot Lodge; and who is willing to be called cantankerous if he can inform the public mind or challenge the public conscience. Such forces seem to be becoming rarer in our life, yet we cannot depend on broadcast and ballyhoo to get down to the grass roots and do the daily work of reform. What Mr. Storey did to make the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People both militant and educational is well known; what he did with day-to-day zeal for civic righteousness that made the title "Mugwump" one of honor is here told with a warmth that offers encouragement to all local independents.

IS it possible we have leaders and do not know it? Mayhap we are looking for the spotlight virtuosi and saviors of society en masse when we should be counting our blesings as Devere Allen has done in his illuminating anthology of workers in the vineyard, each sketched by some anonymous hand. Perhaps our society is too complex for single leaders; if so, we are rich in commanders of divisions. You know most of them, but it is cheering to muster together as living persons twenty-four names that mean as much as do those of Jane Addams, Bishop McConnell, Mrs. Catt, W. E. B. DuBois, Margaret Sanger, John Haynes Holmes, Norman Thomas, Oswald Villard, Roger Baldwin, A. J. Muste, Scott Nearing, Paul Douglas, et al. Here are the forces for liberal religion, social welfare, women's rights, Negro rights, civil liberty, peace, labor, political progress. We cannot be bound for hell while so much of courage, wisdom, energy, and love of mankind resides amongst us . . . and there are others not listed here.

Why cannot these glorious powers create for themselves a common tool, political or social, that through joint action will help each attain his special desire? It seems strange that we cannot think of them as a unity. They certainly have a general common aim. Are they in essence Puritan individualists obeying private inspirations? Do their successes depend on the personal and human touch? Could their combined still small voices not rise above the clamor of mass publicity?

It seems a good time to make the trial. The liberals, too, need a leader.

LEON WHIPPLE

Aristocrat-Socialist

LASSALLE, *by Arno Schirokauer. Century. 320 pp. Price $5 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

GEORG BRANDES characterized Ferdinand Lassalle as an intellectual aristocrat and a social democrat. Schirokauer subtitles his biography as the tale of (*Continued on page* 408)

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These and other questions are discussed in "THE PURCHASE OF MEDICAL CARE THROUGH FIXED PERIODIC PAYMENT" by Pierce Williams of the staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research. (320 pages, 6x9, cloth-bound.) Price $3, postpaid, from The Survey, or the publisher.

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(*Continued from page* 407) "the power of illusion and the illusion of power." Both characterizations are apt, for this meteor-like figure was full of contradictions and anachronisms. Lassalle was a pompous person with colossal conceit—but in each crisis of his adult life he ran to his adopted mother for spiritual comfort and periodic injections of renewed egotism. He was a man of action, a revolutionist, but Karl Marx scorned him because he dressed like a "dandy," because he established a sumptuous literary salon in Berlin and spent the money secured from his bourgeois father in entertainment of the German intelligenzia.

Lassalle was one of those rare and brilliant personalities whose passions were so intense that they left the recipient ice-cold. There seemed to be too little sincerity, too much love of self. And yet there was a remarkably facile mind, and a relentless quality of purpose. He became the defender of Sophie von Hatzfeld in a legal fight that lasted a score of years. He became an important factor in the revolutionary movement of Germany and was responsible for Bismarck's program of social legislation. He founded the Socialist Party of Germany despite an open breach with Karl Marx. He fell violently in love with Helene von Donniges—and when she refused his attentions, he challenged her fiance to a duel, and was mortally wounded. A brilliant and caustic study of an outstanding personality whose day of fame is yet to come in the startling developments of Germany's economic and political life. THERESA WOLFSON

Brooklyn College, Brooklyn

The First Astor

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, *by Kenneth W. Porter. Harvard University Press. 2 Volumes. 1353 pp. Price* $10 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN this first of the Harvard Studies of Business History, Mr. Porter presents a thorough and scholarly account of the life and activities of the first business man to attain a colossal fortune in America. No angle of Astor's life is untouched. The great realtor first sees life in a German village, the son of a butcher. The author describes Astor's migration to America, his fur-trading operations, where he sought to buy furs from the Indians "dog cheap" and sell them at home and abroad, sometimes at a 1000 per cent advance; his many ventures in country and Manhattan real estate, which laid the foundation of his family's future fortune; his trade with China, some of it consisting in "utterly illegal" smuggling of Smyrna opium; his banking, insurance, railroad and other activities. The volumes necessarily give considerable insight into the business life of Astor's times. The documentation is quite overpowering in its thoroughness.

The founder of one of America's richest houses is presented in no heroic mold. The net impression gained is that of a shrewd business man who took advantage of every trick of the trade; an employer rather kindly disposed to his immediate business helpers as long as they acknowledged him as chief but with utter lack of consideration for the larger group of men and women with whom he had dealings, and with no genuine social purpose.

The volumes might have been improved by a judicious pruning of a number of repetitions and too detailed passages possessing little or no personal or social significance.

HARRY W. LAIDLER

League for Industrial Democracy

Humanism in Biology

WHAT DARE I THINK?, *by Julian Huxley. Harper's. 278 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE greatest part of this new offering of Professor Huxley's is devoted to what appears to be this eminent biologist's very recent discovery of religious Humanism, as preached for some years now by the more advanced Modernists and by Unitarian and ex-Unitarian ministers in America. Even a hasty trip across the United States would convince the distinguished grandson of the redoubtable Thomas Henry Huxley that the "new" religion he offers to his American cousins has been in operation here for more than a decade, and in a few instances (e.g., the weekly radio broadcasts of Theodore Curtis Abell from Hollywood) is working out, apparently, in accordance with his heart's desire. However, this fact does not detract from the interest of what Huxley has to say in support of his thesis. It is all exceedingly comforting, and informed by a stimulating optimism, based upon the findings of contemporary science.

As might be anticipated, Professor Huxley has much of value to say regarding the necessity for an intelligently applied system of

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birth control and the application of the known laws of heredity to eugenic, as well as authenic measures, considered alike as biological and legal problems urgently demand the attention of the public at large. No one, perhaps, is better qualified to speak on these subjects than the author of this collection of lectures—revised and enlarged for this volume.

In Man and His Heredity the rôle of genes in relation to "chance" and environmental factors is set forth in a fresh and wholly charming manner: "the inheritance is like the seed, the environment like the soil; and the organism is like the resultant plant." The individual man or woman "is always one of many possible expressions of a particular heredity reacting with one of many possible environments." Neither heredity nor environment is more important than the other, since both are essential.

None of our social and economic problems can be solved until there is a deliberate adjustment of population to economic processes. "Sanctity is no argument against deliberate political control," as witness the stage regulation of marriage. "As for liberty, what greater infringement of personal liberty can there be than conscription of individual men for war? And if over- or under-population is a danger to the national fabric, why not conscription of reproduction for peace? . . . As the processes of population-growth and their effects are better understood and realized we shall cease to regard them as mysteries beyond our interference, but see in them yet another field which the labors of knowledge have made ripe for the harvest of rational control." And it must be duly considered, from another point of approach, that we are now "making two mental defectives grow where only one grew before."

What Dare I Think? is full of such provocative utterances.

San Francisco MAYNARD SHIPLEY

LOOKING BACK TO NOW

(*Continued from page* 404)

speech of acceptance, about the debt-problem which is now and in the next administration will be, the major perplexity in our foreign relations; but Senator Borah's forthright declaration, in favor of cooperation in that new era of international relationship represented by "Lausanne" sets up a standard which cannot be ignored by the next President of the United States, whoever he may be.

Even the Disarmament Conference, little as it accomplished or probably can accomplish in detail, proceeded, and has adjourned until January in a spirit far different from and more promising than that characterizing previous attempts. And now the forthcoming World Economic Conference promises something real. With the United States participating, in the attitude urged by Mr. Borah, it would mark the end of the war and set the world forward, really facing the future.

AS for Germany, Hitlerism, and all that it implies, the event has justified my forecast in the June Survey Graphic. Hitler "did his damnedest," and failed. He and the monarchist Hugenburg went to their limit, and it was not enough. From now on, if my guess is good, the Nazis and the Communists will cut each other's throats in mutual cancellation, and the order-loving Germans, freed at last from the crushing burden of war-tribute, will slowly but surely return to conditions fit for human existence. It will take long; there is need of a vast patience as the world recovers its poise and resumes the slow process of development. We are not at the edge of any Utopia, and the solution of immediate problems will only uncover those that lie beyond. But we are passing—I go so far as to say we have passed—one of the great milestones of human history.

THERE are things that require haste. For instance: a year ago the one bright spot amid the encircling gloom was the achievement of the international opium conference at Geneva in making a convention providing (if and when and so far as actually enforced by the governments) for real limitation of the manufacture of narcotic drugs. Up to now, so far as I am informed, the only nation which has ratified that treaty is the United States of America. So we are in the lead again. But that is only on paper, and will be altogether futile unless we are joined, *prior to April* 13 *next*—only seven months hence—by at least (*Continued on page* 411)

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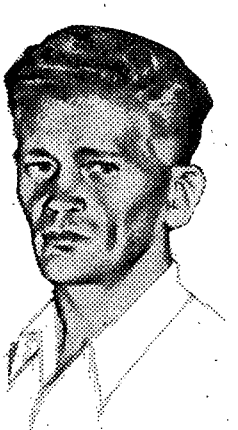

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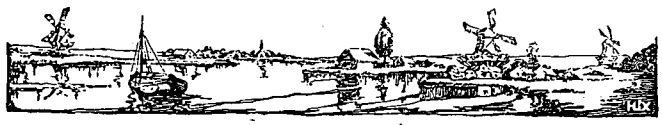

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Seeing New York

CITY dwellers no less than out-of-towners will find Rian James' All About New York (Dutton, 1931, $2.50) informative. He tells of a number of foreign theaters: an Irish theater which produces the works of only Irish playwrights; several Yiddish theaters, a Chinese movie house, and of course Hubert's flea circus. Then there are the boat rides down the bay, up the river and around the island. Some of the parks for swimming; high buildings for a panorama of the city and its environs and usually a grand breeze; bus rides; different places to eat; historical points of interest; museums, especially the Metropolitan which rivals some of the best in Europe; as well as amusing facts and statistics.

And if you are gregarious, like doing things in a group, and under experienced guidance, there are Clarence V. Howell's "foreign" outings for an afternoon and evening (Reconciliation Trips, 89 Bedford Street, New York City).

Up To Date

AMERICANS will now be able to enjoy most, if not all, the comforts of home in quite a number of Russian cities; for Intourist, the Soviet Travel Bureau, has been busy building twenty-two hotels, at a cost of forty million dollars, in anticipation of twice as many visitors this summer. The New Moscow, for instance, is not only equipped with baths, showers, telephones, elevators, and a glass-enclosed roof garden overlooking the Kremlin and the Moscow River; but "one five-dollar-a-day room, designed for feminine occupancy, is furnished in white Karelian birch, upholstered in pale blue silk and solid silver, the whole set lifted bodily from the boudoir of Tsarina Anne. A fourth floor room at four dollars a day is remarkable for its complete set of leather furniture, a gift from the Emir of Bukhara to the late Tsar," etc. All of which sets astir a feeling of wonder if perchance Russia may be giving birth to a new triangle—royalist, capitalist and proletarian!

Spreading Goodwill

MORE than usually opportune in these bewildering times is the work of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, which aims to spread goodwill and further human knowledge and relations between Germany, Austria and America. And much that is of interest to Survey Graphic readers is to be found in the annual report of its secretary, Wilbur K. Thomas.

Some of the recipients of awards, which as will be noted cover a wide range of subjects, are Jane Addams, who it is hoped will be able to spend some time in Germany during the coming year. Dr. Alice Hamilton is studying their industrial sickness insurance. The director of the Eastman School of Music, Howard Hanson, is canvassing the works of young German composers for possible production here, and will introduce the best of our music over there. Public opinion in Germany and Austria, especially with regard to reparations, has been delved into by Julian Harris, one of the editors of the Atlanta Constitution; while Mrs. Harris, an author, has gathered impressions of movements having to deal with the welfare of women and children, the position of women in public life, and German culture generally. Charles D. Lay, who has been commissioned to plan the new recreational park for Brooklyn, is becoming fully acquainted with the way the Germans have done it. The list, too long to enumerate, includes among other fields, city planning, adult education, housing, sanitation.

In their work of student and professional exchange, conducted through the Institute of International Education, eighty-eight American students representing twenty-four states and sixty colleges and universities, have been studying in Germany, and eighty-five German students attending American educational institutions. To help the Germans interpret American life and thought, literary books as well as scientific magazines and journals are being provided via the Germanistic Society of America. All of which is of course but a fragmentary statement of the Foundation's endeavors.

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(*Continued from page* 409) four of the other manufacturing countries; namely, France, Germany, Great Britain, Japan, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Turkey. This is necessary in order to bring the new convention into force before July 13, failing which it dies automatically, and the whole weary business must begin over again. It is therefore very much up to our own government, which has professed itself well satisfied with the progress registered in the convention, to intimate with all emphasis consistent with diplomatic politeness, its grave concern lest delay by its confreres in ratifying shall nullify the results of all that arduous confabulation. There are signs not a few that some of the other manufacturing countries are deliberately delaying ratification, in a spirit not distinguishable from mere *sabotage,* at the least making their action dependent upon that of competitors. The old story. Meanwhile, despite six conferences, three international conventions, two international agreements about prepared (smoking) opium, two international commissions of inquiry, at least fifteen sessions of the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations; producing square miles of printed resolutions, reports, documents, statistical tables and other junk, to say nothing of thousands of cubic kilometers of hot air, the prodigious output and illicit distribution and consumption of these demoralizing drugs continues absolutely unabated, indeed increasing.

BOOKS WITHOUT PRINT

(*Continued from page* 401)

Mexican is working on the railroad and his family lives in a freight-car, they must have a window-box or pots of flowers. They are a necessity. They are one of their unprinted books.

Having received numerous enjoinders from surrounding Americans who have a fetish of the bathtub, I conscientiously talked to my Mexican friends about the matter of personal cleanliness. They explained that they did the best they could to keep clean, but that taking a bath in an outhouse, their only refuge for privacy, is a cold and uncomfortable business. It was several years before I realized just how hard they do try not only for beauty but for cleanliness as well.

After I had left La Habra Camp I returned one day for a visit and my friend Mrs. Cervantes welcomed me with enthusiasm.

"Do come to my garden," she said, "I have something you will like to see. Look at the bathroom my husband has built beside our backdoor." There I found that Mr. Cervantes had devised a tiny showerbath. From closely laid slats he had built an arbor. In the top of this he had arranged the hose with its sprinkler hanging down to make a fine showerbath, and he had dug a trench so that the water from the shower irrigated the garden. The little arbor was completely hidden by a climbing rose all abloom with tiny pink Cecil Brunners.

"Do you remember," continued Mrs. Cervantes, "the day when the American ladies from La Habra came to visit our camp? Do you remember their kindness in bringing to each of us a bouquet? Mine was made of Cecil Brunner roses. I planted two of them and they grew. Then my husband made the *bañanito* (little bathroom) and now when I take my bath I inhale the fragrance of the roses and I think of the kind American ladies."

In any magazine you may read today advertisements of the expensive shrines which we Americans erect for the worship of the great American bathtub. Some of them resemble lakes with blooming water lilies, some are enameled to resemble the floor of the ocean, with golden fishes swimming about the walls and golden faucets and utensils of worship. Clever modern designers have given solemn thought and study to the construction and embellishment of these bathrooms, but has any one of them ever devised a bathroom so charming as that bit of poetry beneath the Cecil Brunner roses?

A third unprinted Mexican book is color. Mexican household decorations are often crude but always lively. We have, in former years, been wont to laugh at the Mexican propensity for wearing colors which look garish to our Puritanic eyes. We forgot completely that under the tropical sun of Mexico, in that lambent air, among gorgeous flowers and flaming birds, a gay *zarape* becomes a fitting part of the landscape. It is only during the past few years, in which we ourselves have gone color-mad, that we have begun to enjoy the Mexican book of color. This has helped us to read and understand, a little, the unprinted books with which Mexican painters, notably Diego Rivera, are teaching a nation of illiterates today.

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unprepared. The former, as we have been told, is supposed to work prophylactically, to avoid mistakes and to effect a decrease in the number of neuroses in the generation under his care by avoiding superfluous handicaps in upbringing and limiting himself to those which are unavoidable. The worker with problem children is supposed to attempt to cure those bad results which have proved to be inevitable.

If those working with normal children have a right to demand such psychoanalytic information as will enable them to form a critical judgment of their own work, then workers with problem children are not asking too much when they demand an initiation into the psychoanalytic method of treatment, at least in such forms as apply to children.

CHILD ANALYSIS

(*Continued from page 399*)

IT is perhaps due to the vigorous and expectant interest of the outside world that in the psychoanalytic groups themselves child analysis has undergone a rapid development in these last few years and has acquired a new position. A decade ago the attempts at direct psychoanalytic work with children were isolated curiosities. Today a large number of analysts are working wholly or in part in this field. In the course of clinical work and investigation, two distinct tendencies have developed in child analysis, differing sharply in the matter of technique: that which is taught and practiced in London by Melanie Klein and the method which I employ in Vienna.

It may even be that child analysis today has acquired an independence in the eyes of the general public to which it has no right. As a special branch and modification of psychoanalysis itself, it may best be compared to the psychoanalytic treatment of the psychoses, as practiced by Dr. Simmel in Berlin, or the psychoanalytic treatment of delinquency, as taught by August Aichhorn in Vienna. But closer observation shows that child analysis is in no sense as independent as these other types of psychoanalytic therapy. In the treatment of psychosis and delinquency, the field of psychoanalysis has been extended from the neuroses, to which it was originally limited, to other pathological states which were formerly inaccessible. The psychic mechanisms at the root of the psychoses and delinquency are so different from those which we find in the neuroses, indeed often so entirely opposed, that they have necessitated the corresponding changes in the classical analytical technique which are to be found in these two special types of therapy.

But child analysis, like the analysis of adults, is a treatment of the neuroses. Like the analysis of adults, child analysis seeks to uncover the repressed unconscious and to interpret the transference, in order to solve the neurotic conflict. In this sense it is no innovation. Long before psychoanalysts employed all the wiles at their disposal to make a direct contact with young children, the analysis of childhood was the aim and purpose of every psychoanalytic treatment. Psychoanalytic investigation demonstrated the fact that every neurosis of adult life has as its precursor a neurosis of childhood. Without its prototype in infantile life, the adult neurosis could not have developed; but the neurosis of childhood, which often constitutes a part of development, may heal spontaneously without becoming the source of a later illness. The task of psychoanalytic therapy has always been to trace the path from the neurosis of the adult patient back to the infantile neurosis. Only when in retrospect the neurotic conflict of childhood has been solved is the cure of the neurosis which has arisen in adult life secure.

THE difference between child analysis and the analysis of adults lies in the fact that the former directly attacks the infantile neurosis, without waiting for a spontaneous cure or for its later recurrence in adult life. Child analysis has the advantage of dealing with fresh material, material which in the treatment of adults must first be freed from all the layers which have been superimposed, painstakingly dug out, and reconstructed out of a mass of distortions and disguises. The way back to early pathogenic experiences, to the Oedipus complex and castration-fear, to early disappointments in the love-object and the inevitable denials, all of which in the course of the analysis must be reanimated, is immeasurably shorter in the analysis of a child. But on the other hand, we are working here with a patient who is immature in both judgment and intelligence and who is unable to cooperate with the analyst as the adult patient does in the difficult task of therapy. The repressed experiences to which we must find our way back step by step, lie closer, but the clues which lead to them are far less evident than in later life when the increasing failure of the repression-mechanism offers us a basis for our analytic search. Then, too, the child is less able to express itself in words, and his symbolic actions, which may serve as substitutes, are far more ambiguous than verbal formulation. In addition we work with patients who are in a constant state of development and change and whose situation thus does not afford us the constancy and permanence which we ordinarily require for our analytic work.

Despite these difficulties, the child analyst is expected to achieve the same result with the infantile neurosis that the analyst of adults achieves with the grown-up neurosis. Beyond the anxiety, the inhibitions, the hysterical or obsessional symptoms of the child, there must be sought and found the neurotic conflict responsible for these manifestations. The analysis must disclose the two antagonists which belong to the various parts of the personality of the child: on the one hand, the impulse to satisfy an instinctual wish and, on the other hand, the attempt of the super-ego to restrain this impulse. The analysis must determine with what type of psychic mechanism, repression, negation or flight from reality, these two powers operate, and the nature of the compromise finally agreed upon. The compromise itself must be suspended, the repressions broken up and the antagonistic powers, now made fully conscious, must be freshly opposed to one another. At this point we become aware of two differences existing between the work with children and that with adults.

ONE difference consists in the fact that the super-ego of the child, which is so severe in its judgment of the instinctual wishes and which is responsible for the ensuing repressions, is not yet so independent as it would appear. It is still strongly under the influence of some parental or pedagogic individual, from whom it has acquired its judgments only a short time before. Fluctuations in the love-relation to this person frequently occasion fluctuations in the child's attitude toward his instinctual wishes. Only after the infantile neurosis is at an end is the relationship between the instincts and the ego of the child so stabilized as to be independent of the variations in the attitude of the child to his love-objects. The dependence of the childish super-ego is responsible for many of the surprising character changes which occur during child analysis, and which are the result not only of the analytic work but also the result of the direct influence of the analyst.

The second difference consists in the fact that, at the end of the analytic task, when the pathogenic conflict has been made conscious, the child is unable to get along entirely without the further help of the analyst.

The immature child is now little better able than before to solve the difficult problem of what he is to do with the conscious contradictions within himself. There is the constant danger that the child in his helplessness and perplexity will again have recourse to those means which have served before, such as repression or compromise, or, if in the meantime he has acquired the courage, that he will have recourse to the direct satisfaction of his impulses. This definite deviation from the conduct of adult analysis is nevertheless merely an adaptation to the immaturity of the child's power of judgment, which demands that the child analyst aid the child in working out the solution of his inner conflicts after the analysis, instead of leaving such aid to the parents or pedagogues who have already shown themselves inadequate and have been unable to prevent the development of the neurosis.

These two differences between child and adult analysis derive from the structure of the child himself. In the first instance, the primary factor responsible is the relatively greater dependence of the infantile super-ego, which permits the environment, that is to say the love-objects, to exercise a greater influence in the production of the neurosis. In the second case, the cause of the altered behavior of the analyst is to be found in the difference of development between the intellectual and ethical judgments of the child and those of the adult. Except for these two points, the modifications of the analytic technique in the type of child analysis which I employ are unimportant. It is obvious that one must frequently deal otherwise with a child, according to its age, than with an adult; that one must make the work more pleasant, because the child's attitude toward the analytic task, as to work of all kinds, is less serious and less persevering than that of the adult; that the child has less appreciation of psychic health than the adult, because he has not yet perceived the

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disturbance of his powers of accomplishment and of enjoyment which will become evident in so many later situations of life; and finally, that the adult environment of the child must be constantly capable of insight into the child's illness and the analyst constantly determined to help the child, if there is to be any approximation to the situation of adult analysis. The minor variations of technique which have developed out of these conditions are not worth naming. They have sprung up as self-evident necessities from the differences between adult and childish personality, which are clearly evident to all of us.

The difficulties of child analysis which are not present in adult analysis are, however, far surpassed by the infinitely greater possibilities of success. The incompleteness of development, which is such an obstacle to the analytic technique itself, is at the same time the greatest aid toward the end result. The personality of the child is not yet crystallized. The susceptibility to influence between the various parts of the childish personality, instincts, ego and super-ego, is still variable. The identifications with love-objects which have been incorporated into the ego are not yet fixed, the transitions between consciousness and the unconscious are still fluid, the reaction-formations are not yet firmly established, and the possibilities of sublimation are open on all sides. There is no need to consider an already existing marriage or career, which so often is responsible for the maintenance of abnormal attitudes, as in the case of the adult patient. The loss of psychic formativeness and the degree of crystallization of the personality constitute one of the greatest difficulties in adult analysis, whereas in the case of the child we are able to work with an entire mass of aptitudes, of which the adult has retained only a part. For this reason, the solution of the infantile neurosis is ordinarily far more thorough than that of the adult, although the time required may be equally prolonged.

As opposed to this optimism in regard to the success of child analysis, one must admit that the infantile neurosis is capable of spontaneous healing or at least of disappearing during the years between early childhood and puberty, when it frequently recurs. It is possible that the analytic therapy has merely coincided with an advance of development which would in any case have brought the child into a temporary period of health.

IT is certainly not within the range of possibility to analyze all children during the period of their infantile neurosis, in order to avoid the scarring which results from spontaneous healing, the production of undue reaction-formations, and limitations of development. In adult analysis, it is not usually the analyst who decides whether the severity of the neurosis justifies the undertaking of the difficult procedure of analysis. The patient himself decides, according to the degree of his suffering, whether or not he desires the help of analysis. But in general the neurotic child has no such subjective standard. With the exception of certain forms of illness, such as anxiety states, the child actually suffers relatively little from its neurosis.

Here the grounds for treatment are ordinarily the disturbance which the neurotic child constitutes for his environment, or a block in his development which becomes apparent in a backwardness as compared to other children. Unfortunately, the environment often puts an end to the treatment not when the final solution of the neurotic conflict has been achieved, but when the first signs of normal development or of a moderation of the disturbing conduct have become apparent.

Without instruction and training in psychoanalysis, neither the worker with normal or with problem children is fully capable of his task. The former must judge of the severity of the infantile neurosis and of the course to be pursued in regard to it, either deciding to ignore or to treat it. The latter is expected to treat the neurosis itself. Workers of both types urge that child analysis be made a special field and that it be taught in pedagogic and sociological institutions. This particular demand, however, cannot be complied with.

It is no more possible to be a child analyst and to omit the general analytic training than it is to be a pediatrician and to omit the study of general medicine. The training for child analysis must be supplementary to general analytic training and not a substitute for it. The child analyst requires for the treatment of the infantile neurosis all the theoretical and practical knowledge which the treatment of the adult neurosis demands. Therefore the possibility of full psychoanalytic training, with supplementary training in child analysis, may well become the legitimate demand of the serious worker in the field of education.

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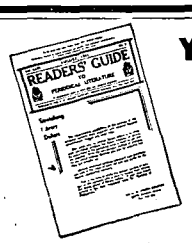

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